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No. 383

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD,

AUTHOR OF "SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

- To keep the winter from his heart.
- One memory always comes to him When twilight wraps the world about, And in the heaven-arch, shadow-dim, The stars come peeping shyly out.
- It always brings the summer back, Sweet with the breath of balmiest flowers; No winds from tropic shores he lacks To warm his heart through winter hours.
- Again he hears a voice, more sweet
 Than voice of breeze, or bird, or bee,
 Whose cadence nothing can repeat,
 Except the old man's memory.
- It thrills him like a draught of wine, And listening, he grows young once more. In yellow locks his fingers twine, Whose gold the grave mold covers o'er.
- What sweet, sweet words she whispers o'er! Her breath is balm upon his cheek! Oh, whispers from the shadow-shore, No words but true ones can you speak!
- Her head upon his happy heart Drops like a tired child's to rest, And into gladdest singing start The birds of love within his breast.
- Well, let him dream. To dream is best When waking hours are drear and long, But dreams like his are full of rest, And sweet with blossom, scent and song.
- In dreams he never can grow old. Life's winter-time is far away; His heart forgets the frost and cold, And counts it summer all the day.

Detective Dick:

THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER I. A WARM INTERVIEW.

"Luck? You kin bet your bottom dime on that. I've had a streak jist as big as the side of

a mountain."
"Hold yer hosses a bit, Dick. Good luck can keep sweet till we're ready to use it. It's bad luck that goes sour. I never talk business on an

The speaker—a middle-aged man, with thick. grizzled whiskers, and a face as rough as a chest-nut-burr—produced a handsome meerschaum from his pocket, and proceeded deliberately to

from his pocket, and proceeded democratery to charge it with tobacco.

Dick sat, with a grim smile on his young face, curiously watching this process.

The pipe lit, his companion took two or three long whiffs, sending the smoke curling through the air, his face full of deep satisfaction.

"There. That's what I call comfort," he said, taking the pipe from his mouth to speak. "Now,

taking the pipe from his mouth to speak. Dick, you can unload." 'Ain't in no hurry 'bout that," said Dick, mly. "Guess my luck 'Il keep sweet awhile

longer."
"What do you mean, you blowed young rag

what to you hear, you blowed young rag doctor?" growled the man.

"Somehow I can't never talk biz'ness till I've had a puff," answered the boy, deliberately producing from somewhere in his odd apparel a half-smoked cigar. "S'pose you favor your uncle with a light."

The man looked half-angry for a moment. The man looked half-angry for a moment: then, with a short laugh, he handed Dick his

pipe.

Dick proceeded, with great nonchalance, to light his stump of a cigar, and while doing so it will be a good time to introduce him to the

reader.

He was a short, well-set boy, of apparently some sixteen years of age, though there was the worldly wisdom of a man in his not overly clean face. Dick laid no claims to beauty of countenance, but he had all the keenness of the genuine street-boy. His dress was a conglomerate, seemingly made up of stray bits of cast-off clothing, and long since worn into rags. A coat, which had been made for a taller person, came down nearly to his heels, while a limp, rough-and-ready bet to his heels, while a limp, rough-and-ready hat was set as jauntily over one ear as if Dick was

was set as jauntily over one ear as if Dick was proud of its possession.

"There," exclaimed Dick, handing back the pipe. "That's what I call comfort." He put his heels on the table, tilted back his chair to a dangerous angle, and poured out smoke from his lips till his head seemed enveloped in a cloud.

cloud. "Well, if you ain't a cool coon," declared the man, with a look of some admiration. "If he ain't got the imperdence of old Nick himself, then I'll rent out my head for lodgings."
"Dunno who you'd git to rent sich an empty old barn of a place as that," was Dick's provoking water

ing retort.

"I'll set on you after awhile, and mash you, sure as my name's Ned Hogan," with a touch of spleen. "You'd best dry up while your skin's whole. There's enough of this slack, now; let's hear what you done."

Dick bent his eyes meditatingly on the ceiling while he ejected a ring of smoke from his line.

lips.
"What's your favorite brand of cigars?" he asked, innocently, as if he had not heard Hogan's question.

gan's question.
"Do you want me to smother you?" cried the latter, pulling up his sleeves with grim mean-

ing.
"I don't smoke none but Concha de Figaros," continued Dick, with sublime disregard of Hogan's threat. "This is a ginuine Concher. Jist smell that flavor if you want rose-water and cooper rolled into one and ironed out flat. Why, it's enough to make a man forget his conditional contents."

grandmother."
"What gutter do you patronize for your Conchers now?" asked Hogan, taking the pipe from That's an out-and-out Continentaler. Guy

VORR_CO Dick bent his eyes meditatingly on the ceiling while he ejected a ring of smoke from his lips. me by a young buck for holding his hoss. I allers take pay in cigars—and nickels. Conchers, you see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nick-bis see, is the poetry of my biz'ness.

you see, is the poetry of my biz'ness. But nickels is necessary."

Hogan sat watching the boy as if uncertain just what to make of him. It was evident enough that threats were waste words with Dick. The latter smoked on in silence for a few minutes, looking his nettled comrade quietly in the face. Then, laying the scant remnant of his cigar on the table, he slowly let down his chair from its dangerous angle.

"Now s'pose we come to biz," said Dick, setting his hat over the other ear, and buttoning one button of his coat.

"I'm agreeable."

"May I be cantankerously smashed into ting of the table, as for defense against the gathering storm that showed itself in Hogan's countenance, and itself in Hogan's countenance, and showed itself in

one button of his coat.

"I'm agreeable."

"Mought have had it long ago if you hadn't hauled me up so short with your chocolate-colored old pipe," with a comical grimace.

"Did you see Harris?"

"I've got a ridick'lus whim that's the job I took in," and Dick fastened another button with great dignity. "When you find Dick Darling go back on his jobs you kin git out your mudscrapers and scratch the river bottom for him. I'm one of the kind that kin bear death but not I'm one of the kind that kin bear death but not

Yer a blamed long-winded, short-haired, knock-kneed, imperdent young son of a ship's monkey," growled Hogan, wrathfully. "And if you don't come to the point soon there'll be a death in the Darling fam'ly, without the trouble

of your drownding yourself."

Ned Hogan raised his short, sturdy figure from his chair, and laid down his pipe, as if this were the first movement toward putting his threat in execution.
"Thank you. Don't keer if I do, long as my

Concher's smoked out," said Dick, quietly picking up the pipe and inserting it between his lips. "There allers was something 'bout a ginuine meerschaum that I liked."

He puffed away in seeming unconsciousness of the wrathful attitude of his companion, who stood as if quite overcome by this sublimity of impudence. Finally, with a short, savage laugh, he sunk again into his chair, exclaiming:
"I'll be shot if I don't b'lieve that boy would stop to argy the p'int if there was a pile-driver comin' down on his head. Come, Dick, now, what did Harris say?"

"Oh! he wasted a good many parts of speech tryin' to argyfy into me that boys' tongues were only made for ornament; which, in course, didn't stand to reason. He guv me a letter, though, which I guess will come to the heel of it quicker nor I kin."

er nor I kin."

Dick laid down the pipe, which Hogan made haste to appropriate. Then followed a general unbuttoning and diving into multifarious pockets, with which Dick's apparel seemed plentifully supplied. A general assortment of boys' pocket merchandise adorned one corner of the table as Dick emptied pocket after pocket in his search.

"Well, if it don't beat bugs and butterflies!" exclaimed, indignantly. "I know I sunk it "Well, if it don't beat bugs and butternies; he exclaimed, indignantly. "I know I sunk it in one of them pockets; and there ain't a pickpocket this side of Hong Kong could find a thing after it's once buried in my pockets. Can't find it myself half the time."

"If you've lost it I'll be hanged if I won't grind you into soap-fat;" roared Hogan.

"Wish I'd got it insured. Mought as well made something on it." muttered Dick, as he

"Wish I'd got it insured. Motign as wen made something on it," muttered Dick, as he continued his investigation. "Think I'll take out a policy on everything that goes inter my pockets arter this. Mought break up the insur-

nce companies, though."

Dick took off his hat to scratch his head for an idea to help him out of the difficulty, when

out dropped the missing letter, falling on the floor at Hogan's feet. Dick looked down on it with an odd contortion of countenance.

"I'll sell my pet cat, if there ain't some sleight-of-hand about this," he protested, ruefully. "I see'd old Signor Blitz across the street. Bet he had a hand in puttin' that letter in my hat. Sich things don't do theirselves."

Hogan paid little attention to the boy's mut-

sixpences, if this don't take the biggest rag off the littlest bush that ever I run across!" he ejaculated. "Oh! if you ain't a genius for biz-ness," shaking his fist at Dick. "Lucky for you

that the table's between us, if you think any f your bones. "What's wrong?" asked Dick, with childlike

innocence of manner.
"What's wrong?" echoed Hogan, loudly.
Then, suddenly lowering his voice, he asked: "Can you read?" repeated Dick, indignantly.
"Kin I read?" repeated Dick, indignantly.
"Kin a duck swim? Kin a fox eat grapes? I'd
be a purty graduate of the No. I Keystone
primary if I hadn't h'isted in that much eddication. Wonder if he takes me for a fresh emi-

Read that, then, and out loud. I want to see how it strikes you."

"All O.K., uncle," assented Dick, confidently, buttoning up his coat till he looked like a trussed turkey. "Don't find me goin' back on

He crammed his hat down savagely on his lead, spread the sheet of paper before him, thut his right eye and scratched his left ear, as if

these were necessary preliminaries to a dippin

these were necessary production into literature.

"Filerdelfy, April one, eighteen hundred and—a blot," began Dick, with slow and emphatic manner. "Wonder if it ain't an April fool sell. Kinder looks like it."

"Go on," commanded Hogan, energetically.

"Edward Hogan, Esq.' What's Esq?"

'Go on."
'It means 'go on,' does it? All right," said ck, going on, with sundry interpolations of

Dick was no great success as a reader of manuscript, and it was with many a trip and stumble over the big words, which stood like all stones in his way, that he made his slow journey down the rugged pathway of the let-

ter.
""Bus-i-ness is bus-i-ness' (wonder if he thinks we want to be told that); 'and what is worth doing at all is worth a man doing himself.'
(That ain't good grammar. Should have said

Hogan sat listening, with a smile of deep

'In what high-way or by-way of in-so In what high-way or by-way of in-so-lence you picked up the boy you sent me I'd like to know, for I don't believe that such crooked crab-apples grow in every orchard.'
"Now who the dogs ever heered of a crooked crab-apple?" demanded Dick, looking up from the letter.

Hogan made no answer but a grim smile.

"'As for in-trust-ing any bus-i-ness of import-ance (guess big words is sold cheap in his country) to such a messenger, I would as soon out my hand in a hornet's nest after honey.'
That's fun. Tried it myself once. Kinder

'preciate your feelings there)."

"Blow me if it ain't like pouring water on a duck's back," growled Hogan. "I was fool enough to think there was some shame in the

boy."

Dick seated himself before proceeding, leaning back, with his heels on the table, to the greater enjoyment of his literary task.

"'I asked him to tell me where you were living, and he asked me if I wanted to buy him for a donkey? (Bet he could been bought cheap jist

bone alley.'
"Don't he write a slashin' hand?" queried.
Dick, admiringly. "Jist look at that Goose!

was first cousin to General Grant, and nephew to the Emperor of China, and cared no more for my riches than a Newfoundland dog cared for a terrier pup.' (That's very well, Mr. Harris, but you ain't put in a word of your own imper-

lence)."
"You seem to enjoy that letter," remarked

Hogan, with a grimace.

"It's kinder entertaining."

"It's kinder entertaining."

"I was next informed,'" continued Dick,

"that the city I lived in wasn't fit for a respectable bootblack to emigrate to, and that it would do first rate to set up in a corner of a Philadelphia square as a specimen of a one-horse Philadelphia square as a specimen of a one-horse

tell you that fetched little Harris." Dick laughed, as if the recollection was highly agreeable. "He talked so big about the City of Chester, that I couldn't help puttin' in a back-

"You seem to have distinguished yourself pretty generally," said Hogan.
"'I suppose these are enough il-lus-tra-tions (don't reckernise the word) of his mode of conversation," continued the reader. "'I was silly enough to let him go on for an hour. (Don't know how you'd storned him) I certainly know how you'd stopped him). I certainly shall not trust important business to such a messenger. You know where I live, and have not informed me where you live. Come down and see me yourself. Yours truly,

"'Short and gweet, with excess of we investigated."

"Short and sweet; with oceans of my imperdence, and not a word of his own," and Dick spoke indignantly. "That's just like men. They think boys ain't got no souls."

think boys ain't got no souls."
"You're a high old messenger. You ought to have a premium," said Hogan, sourly. "Do you know anything else?"
"Only that the schooner Lucy flung the haw-

ser on Chester pier last night."
"The devil!" cried Hogan, rising so suddenly as to overturn his chair. "And he leaves the only bit of news worth a picayune to the He rushed hastily from the room, followed by

an irritating laugh from Dick.

THE SINGING LESSON.

Hogan's hasty journey was to the telegraph office. Arrived there, however, he was not so hasty in sending his message, but spent full twenty minutes, with the aid of a pocket-dictional sending his message. tionary, and a peculiarly cut piece of pasteoard, in inditing it.

The clerk looked at it curiously, and then up

"Want this sent just as it reads?"
"Sartin. And maybe you'd better run it over to see if it's writ out plain. Wouldn't do to get one of them words wrong."

Pappa " began the H. Wilson Harris, Chester, Penna," began the

"Chocolate, cows, corpulent, cucumbers, criminal, carter, cake, can, combine, calleo.
"Charter." "Is that right? Your cypher seems to run to C's. Chocolate, cows, and corpulent cucumbers are queer specimens."

"All correct. Hope it won't run to seed. Push her through, my friend. I expect an answer."

It was half an hour before the answer came. It was couched in the same cypher, which seemed to give Hogan more trouble to read than it had to write.

keep a spare eye for the Lucy, and specially for the red-haired mate. I judge this to be: 'I have been watching, but have seen nothing'—'cran-berry,' what's that? 'Oh! 'suspicious.' 'Seen nothing suspicious.' 'Will keep my—' 'curtain concert.' What the blazes is that?"

concert.' What the blazes is that?'
Hogan thumbed his book for several minutes, then e aculated:
"'Eyes open!'—Keep my eyes open! Hope you will, Harris. I am afeared, though, you'll have dust thrown in them. Wish I was down there myself, but I've got to pay my compliments to our mutual friend, Harry Spencer.'
Hogan had long since left the telegraph office, and was making his way as rapidly as a street-car could carry him to an up-town locality.

and was making his way as rapidly as a street-car could carry him to an up-town locality. Arrived in front of a stylish row of houses on North Eleventh street, he was met, as if by pure chance, by a plainly-dressed man, who had been lounging carelessly on the nearest corner. "What news?" was Hogan's first remark to this individual

this individual.

this individual.

"All serene. The bird is caged yet. Wish to Heaven he'd show a wing."

"You are too uneasy, Tom. I hope you haven't sold your business?"

"Do you take me for a fool, Ned Hogan?" answered Tom, angrily. "I haven't been shadowing rascals for ten years not to know the first ropes yet. "Tain't for any young fox like this to run to earth under an old hound's nose."

"Been any signs?" "Been any signs?"

"Been any signs?"

"A rusty-looking lad, that might have been a telegraph boy, went in half an hour ago. He ain't come out since. There was a very bright-faced young lady, too, went in an hour ago. She left just before you came."

"Bet on your having an eye for the ladies, Tom," laughed Hogan. "You can slide now. I'll take up the next watch."

They walked carelessly on together, Hogan filling his favorite meerschaum. He took a long, delighted puff at it, and then said:

"Be on hand at six, if nothing turns up before. I'll smoke him if he shows his nose."

Tom walked on, and Hogan turned on his heel, stationing himself in an indolent attitude against an awning-post, and smoking diligently as his eyes rested on the houses before him.

We will take the privilege of entering the particular house to which his attention was directed.

From the parlor of this rather plainly-fur-

rected.

From the parlor of this rather plainly-furnished residence, a half-hour or so before Hogan took up his watch, there came the tones of a remarkably sweet lady's voice, accompanying the piano, in what seemed more of an exercise than song.

The tones of the voice vibrated musically

throughout the house, and might have stirred the dull ear of the watcher in the street had his soul been sensitive to the influence of music. There mingled with it now the manly tones of a fine tenor voice, while more vigorous sounds

came from the piano.

But we will intrude on this music-lesson, as it The young lady whose voice is so full of bird-

like sweetness is a tall, beautiful girl, very sty-lishly dressed, a light-haired, blue-eyed witch, on whom the eyes of the gentleman are fixed in eep admiration. He is a very handsome fellow, and has about him that ease and dignity of manner which seem to be the prerogative of culture. He is dressed

to be the prerogative of culture. He is dressed rather plainly, but wears his clothes with an air that gives them all the effect of stylishness. "That is well done, very well done," he says, approvingly. "The range of your voice has increased within the last few weeks."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, pleased with his praise.

with his praise. "Yes; you struck that upper note clearly to-day. Last week you could not sound it."
"It seemed to me as if I must have reached

"And now I think I must go."

"Oh, no! not yet," and he spoke appealingly.

"I wish you to try this new song with me. It is a beautiful thing, and will just suit your

the roof of the house," she returned, laughingly

"'Love Waits,'" reading its title, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Something sweetly sentimental, I suppose. What is love waiting

"Heaven knows. If I were a lover, now, I could tell you what I would be waiting for."
"'For a smile from the sweetest eyes under the sun,'" she read, looking intently at the

"Let me see them," and laying his hand light ly on her arm, he peered earnestly into her

face.

"Oh! no nonsense," she exclaimed, turning quickly away. "You are a mere tease."

Yet the flush on her face showed that she was not quite displeased.

Without a word he laid the music on the

ano, and ran his hand softly over the air.
"Do you think you can eatch it? It is easy."
"Sing it yourself first. I want to hear the movement."

He sung with a great deal of feeling and power, she listening with a charmed expression as the rich tones of his voice filled the room with music. The song was deeply sentimental, and its fervent mee ning thrilled in his voice.

She is as winsome as the summer rose;
Ah! false was he that painted love's eyes blind;
The stars are paled when those bright orbs un-

Love waits no more when love's soft heart grows kind." His voice lowered and vibrated strangely as ne came to these last lines. He seemed to feel deeply the sentiment of the song, and held on to the "Love waits no more" with a fervent in-sistence that thrilled the heart of his hearer

with deep emotion.

He was silent for a moment, the echoes of his voice seeming still to fill the room with music.

"Do you like the song?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh! indifferently," she answered.

"Will you the it you?"

"Oh! malierelly, ""
"Will you try it now,"
"Not now. I thank you," coolly.
"The lesson is ended, then," shutting down the piano with almost a bang.
"Which lesson?" was her innocently expressed.
"Which lesson?" was her innocently expressed. quiry, as her bright eyes rested a moment on

"The music-lesson," he replied, rather curtly.
"I was not aware that I was teaching any other

"Ah! true was he that painted love's eyes blind," 'Let me see," he muttered, "I told him to she sung, with a laughing intonation.

nervously tapping the floor.
"You shall not go till you have told me what
you mean," he declared, suddenly taking her "Why, you wished me to sing it a minute ago," with a quick glance. "I hope I caught the sentiment properly." But your paraphrase? Your change of my

words?"
"Excuse me. That is one of the things no woman explains," withdrawing her hand resolutely from his grasp.
"One moment, Helen; I have dared to think

"One moment, Helen, Thave dated to think

—I have dared to hope—"

She stood listening with downcast eyes, and with an undefined expression on her face. She was certainly not deeply displeased.

Yet he was not destined to finish his hesitating

sentence.

The door near which they stood suddenly opened, and a boy, of the most unmitigated boy-ishness, stepped saucily into the room. It was no other than ragged, independent Dick Dar

ling.

"'Scuse me," he said, with a meaning glance from one to the other of the pair upon whom he had intruded. "S'pose maybe if I was to call ag'in, it mought be more agreeable. I'll retire to a sofy in the parlor till you git

where you are, you wicked young ras cal," cried Mr. Spencer, laughing in spite of hichagrin. "Shall I see you to the door, Mis

'Don't you mind me," suggested Dick, reas ringly. "I never peach, no matter what sign suringly. He seated himself on the piano-stool as they

left the room.

"I'll be shot if they wasn't making love! I swow, if I ever see'd sich fun!" a broad smile breaking over his face, as he brought his hand down for an emphatic slap upon his knee.

It fell, however, on the bank of keys of the piano, yielding such a clash of sound that the boy made a startled movement backward. The alt was an overturning of the piano-stool, a helpless rolling of Dick over and over

upon the carpet.
"I wonder what blamed kind of nitro-glyce 'I wonder what blamed kind of mato-glycerine he keeps in that mahogany box!" he muttered, as he cautiously picked himself up. "If it often goes off that way it's what I should call a concealed deadly weepon. An' that's ag'in' the law."

Dick eyed it askance, as if not quite satisfied

Dick eyed it askance, as if not quite satisfied with its propinquity.

"There he goes. In mischief before he is in the house five minutes," declared Mr. Spencer, as he paused near the front door at the sudden uproar in the parlor.

"Who is he?" asked Miss Andrews.

"Oh! a young gentleman who has deigned to take me under nis care, and who calls on me at the most inconvenient moments—rags and all."

"He is ragged enough," she admitted, with a shrig. "But I am intruding on your time."

Her voice was lowered in tone, as she stood a moment, her hand on the door-knob, as if hesitating to open.

tating to open.
"When shall I see you again?" he asked.
"Oh! this day week, I presume: if nothing

happens."

"Then, may nothing happen," he returned, with a deep meaning in his voice. "Love Waits' shall be our next lesson."

"Love waits no more," she sung, with a rosy aspect, as she quickly opened the door. "Good-day," and she tripped hastily into the street.

His face had a very hap y look, as he turned

his face had a very hap y look, as he believed back from the door.

"I would have liked to annihilate the boy, though," he muttered.

When he entered the room Dick was standing in the middle of the floor, looking defiantly at

the offending piano.

"What do you call that critter?" he asked, pointing to the instrument.

"That's a piano."

"Oh! that's a pianer, is it? Does it often go

off?"
"It is a little dangerous to boys, sometimes," admitted Mr. Spencer, running his fingers lightly over the keys.

Dick listened, with a pleased ear, to the rich

tones of the instrument.

"Swow I didn't know it was bottled-up music.
Got many tunes in it? Let's hear 'Hail Co lumby '"'
Mr. Spencer ran over the air requested, to the infinite delight of his hearer.

"Well, that beats a hand-organ holler—mon-key and all!"
"And now I want to know what made you bolt into this room without an invitation?" de-manded Mr. Spencer.

manded Mr. Spencer.

"You ought to post your kitchen gals better. She told me you was here. I took that for invertation enough."

"In future you would do best to knock before entering my private room. What brings you here to-day?" He spoke a little impatiently, "S'pose I knowed you was in here sparking that pretty gal?" and Dick buttoned his coat defiantly. "Couldn't have dragged me in with a yoke of oxen if Pd a-knowed it."

"She's a pupil of mine, Dick. I was giving

She's a pupil of mine, Dick. I was giving a singing-lesson," her a singing "Oh! a singin'-lesson!" said Dick, with an incredulous wink. "Hope she likes singin'-les-

'What do you want, boy? I have no time to

"Come here to-day to tell you your fortune."
"I guess I will excuse you that duty, then,"
with a smile. "I have no fortune to tell."
"More than you think, maybe. Give me your Mr. Spencer extended his hand to the boy

Mr. Spencer extended his hand to the boy, who took it in his own soiled palm.

"The lines don't come out clear," he muttered, after poring over it. "Maybe you'd best cross it with silver."

Mr. Spencer laid a piece of silver in his open

palm.
"That helps it amazingly," said Dick, as he quietly pocketed the coin. "Tell you what, there's fun here; and there's danger. Here's a light-haired lady gettin' into the house of life—and here comes a marriage with three brides-

maids."
"Drop that, Dick," and Mr. Spencer attempted to withdraw his hand.
"There's danger," continued Dick. "This line leads to trouble. There's a red-headed man in it. Best keep clear of red-headed men for the next month."

next month."

"Quick, boy; get done with this nonsense!"

"There's no nonsense in it," protested Dick, sturdily, poring more closely over the hand.

"You were goin' to Chester—to-day?"

"How under the sun did you guess that?" asked Mr. Spencer, in surprise.

"It is all here," declared Dick, slyly. "When you go there, keep clear of a red-headed man. If sich a one wants to talk to you jist knock him down, or vamose. There's a plot here."

"This is some rascally nonsense," averred Mr. Spencer, drawing away his hand. "What do you mean by it all?"

"Don't you go to Chester. That's what I

'Don't you go to Chester. That's what I mean

"I do not think I will give up my journey on account of your fortune-telling."
"There's danger, I tell you," spoke out Dick, earnestly. "There's a red-headed man there, mate of the schooner Lucy. That's all I can tell you. You must keep clear of him. There's a game ag'in' you. If sich a chap wants to talk to you don't give him ne closer quarters than a gaine ag in you. In said a carp the state of the you would a skeeter. There's danger afloat."

I "What is it, Dick? What do you know?" demanded Mr. Spencer, impressed with the boy's agreed with the spencer.

earnest manner "Don't know half what I'd like to," answered ck. "Only know that the devil's got his foot se, and got his eye on you. There's folks loose, and got his eye on you. There's folks tryin' to sell you out; jist you be spry."
"You are a strange customer. I shall beware of red-heads. If you have no more business, Dick, my time is limited."

"Yes, Why?"

"Cause there's eyes in the front mustn't see me, that's all. Do you know that this palatial mansion is shaddered?"

"Shadowed! What is that?"

"Watched," explained Dick, mysteriously. "There's eyes on you that you won't easy fling off. Can't tell no more, but jist you beware." His voice had grown very low and mysterious. "And whatever turns up don't use my name. If Pm wanted, I'll be on hand!"

"All right," said Mr. Spencer, laughing. "I will be faithful to you to the death; and will avoid all red-headed men. This way, Dick."

In a few minutes more Dick was treading his way through back alleys, out of that neighborhood.

borhood.

In a very short time after, Mr. Spencer left the house, and walked quickly down the street. He cast a sharp glance around, but saw nothing more suspicious than a thick-set man leaning against a post, and smoking a meerschaum.

CHAPTER III.

DICK GOES INTO BUSINESS.

Two gentlemen were seated in earnest conversation near the front window of a hotel oom overlooking Arch street, Philadelphia. One of them, a large, full-faced man, sat ith his feet on the window-sill, in a remarkably asy attitude. The other was a small, delicate-y-framed man, who seemed to be greatly an-

oved by some circumstance.

"Do you know, my dear boy, that we have to far been bamboozled? That's just the word for it—bamboozled," remarked the large man, with an ease that was not shared by his com A new ten-dollar issue on the market. The

Pawkusset bank. It's deuced provoking," de-clared the small man. "And after six months' work we haven't the shadow of a clue." "Oh! it will come. It will come," protested the other, easily. "We have set things work-

ing, you know."
"Working against us, I fear," was the bitter reply. "We have just put them on their guard. The mystery grows deeper every move

ve make."
"Not a bit, my lad," declared the large man, meconcernedly. "We knew nothing then, and we know no more now. That is what I call tatu quo. We will strike daylight yet, don't Well, if you ain't the confoundedest, easiest

"Well, if you ain't the confoundedest, easiestgoing, most unsatisfactory specimen of a private
detective that I ever ran across then I'll sell
out," cried the small man, impatiently. "I believe if an earthquake were to rattle the house
to pieces it wouldn't get a shake out of you."

"I don't know," was the quiet rejoinder.
"The chills and fever tried it once. I was harder to shake than it was, though, so I shook it off.
But, what is the good of worrying? You can't
butter your parsnips by grumbling at your ill
luck."

"I have never been so long in the dark in any case I ever took on in my life," said the testy gentleman. "And we are looked to do something. Here is a gang of counterfeiters flooding the country with bad money under the very noses of the Government detectives. There is not a month but that some new issue comes out. And it is no bungling work, I tell you. They are first-rate mechanics, and the keenest fellows re first-rate mechanics, and the keenest fellows ever saw at hiding their trail. They are just haming the whole Secret Service."

"Every dog has his day," declared the other, in his easy manner. "Let them alone. Give them rope. They will hang themselves yet. We have made ourselves somewhat too visible. We had better get back into the shadow and hide our hand. It sometimes pays to take to earth and only use your eves."

"Yes, and let Pinkerton's men step in and take the game out of our bag," was the impatient reply. "I know they have scouts out. How would it sound to say that Will Frazer and Tack Bounce, the noted Secret Service officers, vorked for half a year on a blind trail and then

worked for half a year on a blind trail and then let themselves be pinked by Pinkerton. I shouldn't like to see that in print."

"Well, Jack Bounce, for one, don't care a fig," replied the large man, indolently shifting his feet. "If it comes to a free race between the detectives the devil take the hindmost, that's my programme. But when I trouble myself about anything less important than burnt steak for dinner, or such like capital crimes, year one. for dinner, or such like capital crimes, you can tell me of it."
"You are a regular philosopher, Jack," con-

hat it makes you any worse at your suppose there is too much stir about me. My ame leaks out. I don't know when I was ever ore ashamed of myself than about something hat happened to-day."
"Ah! Let's hear it?" asked Jack.

"An! Let's hear her asked Jack.
"Do you know that I was accosted by an impudent young rascal in full street uniform—a cast-off coat, and rags for breeches. He had my name pat, and my vocation, too, it seems. And, that wasn't all. He had smelt our business here, and was going to put us on some won-lerful track for only ten dollars. I was more nclined to give the young villain ten kicks. I never knew before that I carried my business in

my race.

Before he had got half through Jack Bounce's
feet were on the floor, and he was eying his
comrade steadily. I didn't know that you valued ten dollars so

highly."
"You know it wasn't the dollars."
"It looks devilish like it," was the vexed response. "You were out of temper, Will, and haven't got back to it yet; or you wouldn't have let that boy off so easily."
"You think, then, that he hadn't smelt my business?"

"I know you are not a fool. It don't do to shut any door in our own faces. You can take my word for it that it was not from you that the boy learned all that. He may have had the very clue that has been baffling us. I should

"I think I should know him again," with a umility that showed that he felt the force of "Then you had best keep your eyes open for him," declared Jack, in decided accents. "That

will's reply was a sudden leap to his feet and rush to the window.
"There he is now!" he cried.
"And sees you," added Jack. "See, he is coming into the hotel. He has not given it up yet."

"Had I best go down and look him up?"
"Wait, wait," ordered Jack. "You will
ever learn the virtues of waiting. If he knows us he will find us."

"Well, I wash my hands of the young villain.
You can manage him."
A few minutes passed in silent waiting. Then
Jack Bounce's policy was confirmed by a loud
knock at the door.
"Come in!" he cried, resuming his easy atti-

tude The door opened and in walked Dick Darling, his coat, as usual, dragging at his heels, and his

face innocent of fresh water.

"Morning, gentlemen!"

"Come here, boy, and let's have a good look at you," called out Jack. "Was that coat made to order?" 'I dunno that I'm playin' side-show for a cir-

cus," retorted Dick, sturdily. "An'if you don't like my ulster maybe you'd buy it at half-price and give me another."
"I'm not in that line of business," laughing.
"Come up here so I can see you. What is your name."

Dick Darling, or Darling Dick. I'm called

both ways."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Anything that's honest and easy. I'll black your boots, if you want, hold your hosses, carry your bundles, or most anything else."

"And what are you after to-day?"

Dick's reply was to help himself to a chair, our bundles, or most anything else."

"And what are you after to-day?"
Dick's reply was to help himself to a chair,

"Well, it makes blamed little diff'rence what you think," rejoined Dick, independently. "I'm

and to establish himself in the exact attitude of his questioner, with his feet on an adjoining window, and his chair tilted back.

"Can talk bizness a good deal better when I'm comfort'ble," he explained. "Don't pay to wait for invertations nowadays."

"Well, if he ain't cool enough to freeze hot water, I'll sell out," was Frazer's expressed coming.

nion.
'Now out with it, Dick," commanded Jack
unce, in an amused tone. "What business

Bounce, in an amused tone. "What business have you in hand to-day?"

"I've guv up all retail lines. I'm arter that set of counterfeiters that's making things howl in the money market, and that's laughin' in their sleeves at Pinkerton's and the Secret Service."

vice."

"What do you know about it?" asked Bounce, his feet falling to the floor in his surprise.

"I know that Will Frazer and Jack Bounce, two of Uncle Sam's best men, have been smellin' round for mouths, and haven't found a bad egg in the basket yet. I know that Ned Hogan and his pals think they've got a scent, which won't work up worth a dime. And, finerly, I've got a stupid notion in my head that I see an openin' into the den of rascals."

"Ah! and what is your opening?"

"Ah! and what is your opening?"
"I wish you'd take a close look at my eyes,
Mr. Jack Bounce, and see the color of them. If ou find any green there then buy me cheap, hat's all."
"Which means that you don't intend to tell

me what you mean?" swered Dick, "that I'm on the make. I know there's money in this. I'm for my sheer, that's all. Don't calkerlate to spend my life carting around an ulster that don't fit. I'm in for makin' my fortune, and goin' into fashion, and sich."
"What do you think of this fellow, Will?"

asked Bounce, turning to his fellow, Will?" asked Bounce, turning to his companion.
"I think he will never die from impudence striking in," Will answered. "He's took it, like the small-pox, on the surface."
"Maybe you and me can cry quits," retorted Dick, defiantly. "You took me for a sell yesterday; but I've a notion you sold yourself. Now I'll give Mr. Bounce his chance. If he don't take—why, me and Ned Hogan knows one another; that's a word to the wise."
"What do you want, Dick?" asked Bounce, in a tone of amusement.

a tone of amusement.

"I want ten dollars now, to begin on. And I want to be let alone. Them's two things. I won't promise that'll be my last draw. It takes rhino to push these jobs through. If I have to shut up my office, I've got to be floated awhile in eash." Where is your office, Dick?"

"Where is your once, blek?"

"The last one I opened was on a toadstool leat in Independence Square," confessed Dick, with unabashed effrontery. "Maybe I can rent to ut till I git through this small matter of biziess. I'm feared, though, it'll be hard to collect

And what is our security for our ten dol-My face," looking Jack squarely in the eye. 'If you can't see ten dollars' wuth of honesty here, then we'll cry quits." Dick rose from his chair and began buttoning

is coat, his habitual action when he mean Of course it'll be sheer and sheer alike, in re

"Of course it'll be sheer and sheer alike, in rewards, profits, and sich," he added, pausing a moment. "Do you take? If you do, fork over the needful. If you don't, why, don't be long about sayin' it."
"Strictly to the point, Dick, eh?" said Jack, laughing. "Come, my lad, I shouldn't wonder if you did smell a rat somewhere. Guess I won't mind risking a ten on your personal security."

curity."

He took a bank-note from his pocket-book, and handed it to the boy in his easy, careless Dick examined it with the eye of a cor

"Well, do you think it crooked, eh?" "Well, do you think it crooked, en?"
Thought maybe it might be one of the new edition," said Dick, honestly. "I don't trust detectives too far; and you're a bit green to trust a street vagrant like me."

Jack Bounce laughed heartily with an amuse-

ment which was not shared by his companion.
"I can seent honesty in the air, my boy," admitted Jack. "That is part of my business.
And shrewdness, too. That is in your face, or wouldn't risk on your honesty alone. I think can venture as high as a fifty on the chance of your working up your scheme."
"I dunno," deprecated Dick, with a close setting of the lips. "You mought lose your cash.
Pve only got a pin-hole to see through, so far, but Pve a notion that I can see a michty long

ways through it; and a thunderin' pile of ras-cality at the end. I'll telegraph when I want

"In person or by letter?" asked Will Frazer,

sarcastically,
"By an underground wire of my own. Guess
I've made all I can off you to-day. I'll vamose
now till I want a few more of the dingbats."
With a dignity that would have done him credit in a stage tragedy, Dick stalked from the room, not deigning a glance behind him.
"I think you are sold, Jack."

"I think not," unconcernedly. "And I've just backed my opinion with an X."

CHAPTER IV. THE SELLER SOLD.

The boy had designs on the ten-dollar bill which had hardly been contemplated by the giver. His next appearance is in a South street second-hand clothing establishment, surrounded by a plentiful array of "old clo'," which had experienced regeneration, so far as their sins of the body would admit.

The proprietor, a cadaverous-looking gentle-nan, whose well-hooked nose seemed the larger ortion of him, came bustling forward to where ick had planted himself firmly on his sturdy egs, and was surveying the stock in trade with

he eye of a critic.
"What can I do for my young friend to-day?" sked the storekeeper, with a habitual rubbing

Dunno when I interduced you mong my friends," returned Dick, with a look of serene haughtiness. "Jist you keep your distance, Solomon. I didn't come here to be talked to

The proprietor drew back, as if abashed by ick's reproof. The latter continued his surey of the stock, his nose superciliously in the

air.

"Got any other room, where you keep raglans and cutaways and sich?" asked Dick.

"I've got a beautiful assortment here," the Jew declared, eagerly. "I know I can fit you out and make a regular little gentleman of you. What shall I show you?"

"Show me your coat-tails, if you're goin' on this way," answered Dick, disgustedly. "Heaven take the gentleman that could be made of your polished-up old rags. Give us a squint at that short-tailed beaver."

The dealer brought down the coat indicated.

that short-tailed beaver."

The dealer brought down the coat indicated, handling it with a look of intense admiration.

"What an eye the lad has!" ejaculated "Old Clo"!. "He has hit on the very finest piece of English cloth in my store, at first glance."

"Sure of that, Solomon?"

"Yes. Just look at the nap of that! And see how it is made. Look at that buttonhole!"

"Hang it up ag'in," ordered Dick. "I am't buying naps and buttonholes."

"Hang it up ag'in," ordered Dick. "I ain't buying naps and buttonholes."
"But, my dear friend—"
"Cheese all that, old boy! You're a good deal too fond of talk. Never see'd a feller so chock-full of blow. Jist let me alone. I'm doin' my own buying."

my own buying."

The storekeeper looked as if he would like to give Dick the benefit of his boot and an open door. But the boy, with exasperating indifference, continued his critical survey, and examined and tried on coat after coat with a fastidious taste that quite disgusted the salesman.

"I don't think I have anything to please you,"

"All right!" said Dick, going to the front window, and looking out into the street. "Is there an easy back way out of your house?"
"Yes, Why?"

and to establish himself in the exact attitude of his questioner, with his feet on an adjoining window, and looking out into the street. "Is there an easy back way out of your house?"

"Yes, Why?"

and to establish himself in the exact attitude of his questioner, with his feet on an adjoining window, and his chair tilted back.

"Can talk bizness a good deal better when I'm usually wore. The tails reached but little yond his waist, and it looked like a roundabout

which had undergone a partial process of development into a frock-coat.

"Rag!" screamed the Hebrew. "If he ain't the funniest fellow. Best Freuch cloth, and very little worn, and to call it a rag! Why, just look at that gloss! And it is the latest style"

"Yes, I see that gloss," was Dick's curt answer. "Looks as if the owner had spent his time polishin' lamp-posts. Can't say that I keer Dick half dislocated his neck trying to twist his head around to get an idea of the set of the coat in the back.

coat in the back.
"Come here. This way. To the glass," suggested the Jew, hustling Dick eagerly before a very small square of mirror.

"How much is a fellar 'spected to see of hisself at once in that bizness?" asked Dick, impatiently, after vainly endeavoring to see from his

aist to his shoulder.
"Let me hold it for you," said the Jew, eager"It's a beautiful fit—beautiful! See how ooth it sets in the back. Such an elegant

Dick got his head round over his left shoulder, but failed to see the wrinkles which the Jew was industriously smoothing out.

"Mought pass if the price was agree'ble. What's the plunder?"

"That coat ought to bring not a penny less than ten dollars, and dog-cheap at that, for such a piece of cloth."

than ten donars, and the a piece of cloth."

"Cheap at that, eh? What price mought it be dear at?" asked Dick, sarcastically.

The Jew held up his hands with a sickly

smile.
"Well, if he ain't a droll one!" he exclaimed. "Take a squint at that bit of broadcloth, Solomon," and Dick picked up his own old coat. "Jest look at that elegant garment. Observe the buttonholes, and the nap. Git your optical organs on the style. See here, Sol, I'll make a trade with you. What'll you give to boot?"

"What! for that dilapidated old..."
"Don't run that coat down now. It's stuck

"Don't run that coat down now. It's stuck by me through sun and rain. You mought be glad to git a faithful old piece of broadcloth like It only wants some scourin', and a stitch

or two."

The Jew examined it all over with the eye of an artist.
"Give me five dollars, and I'll trade," he said,

at length.

"Guv you five di'monds!" answered Dick, contemptuously. "Make it even up and I'm your man: and you've got a dead bargain."

"What, give that elegant French cloth frock for this old sack!" exclaimed the Jew. "Do you think I'm breaking up business? Five dollars boot is a ruinous sacrifice."

"Here you are So!" and Dick pulled out a

"Here you are, Sol," and Dick pulled out a two-dollar bill. "Say the word, on the nail, quick as greased lightnin". Got biz on hand, and can't stand here palavering with you."

"Four dollars. And that's a great fall," responded the Jew, decidedly.

"Here's your old antiquity then," oried Dick

sponded the Jew, decidedly.

"Here's your old antiquity then," cried Dick, hastily stripping off the coat. "Hand over my Japaness broadcloth."

"Make it three," conceded the Jew, as he saw Dick walking briskly to the door.

"Two. And that's the last word," responded Dick, decidedly, as he emerged into the street.

"Come back," groaned the Jew. "I can't bear to see you leave such an elegant fit behind you. But, I'll be ruined entirely if I make many such sales,"

"Oh, yes! you're a generous hearted old arm."

many such sales."

"Oh, yes! you're a generous hearted old cuss," and Dick resumed the coat, and passed over his two dollars. "The city ought to make up your losses. You're a charitable old beat, you are." And with a smile of contempt Dick left the store, proud at heart of his new attire.

"Well, if I ain't done the Jew! Didn't think old Solomon would bite at sich a gudgeon as that. It's enough to make a chap feel proud he's a human, to sell that skinny old penny-squeezer. I feel jist one foot higher."

And laughing repeatedly to himself at thought of his great bargain Dick progressed through the classic precincts of South street, entering store after store, and picking up new cheap articles of apparel at ruinous prices, until he

ticles of apparel at ruinous prices, until he emerged like a butterfly in spring array, and "Guess I'm gay and lively now. Fine fea-thers make fine birds." Disposing of what remained of his old suit, Dick took his way to the vicinity of a large sta-tionery establishment on Chestnut street above Eighth. Here he was seized with a desperate attack of lounging, and spent several hours with

o other apparent purpose than to display him-elf in his new spring suit to the fashionable enizens of that locality. Yet it might have been noticed that he paid

his regards to the store in question so closely that not a soul entered it without passing under the ordeal of his eyes. Not till the store closed for the night did Dick cease his task of espion The next morning found him on his post

again, and though hour after hour passed he never strayed beyond easy eye-shot of the paper-selling establishment. Yet Dick was not without his sources of en-

pertainment. One of these was the pulling of a torn envelope from his pocket, and looking through the paper toward the sun. He always returned it to his pocket with the

'There's riches in that. That bit of paper is nd of the trail. His other source of amusement was the thought of how he had done the Jew.
"Jist to think of old Sol tradin' off an elegant

the this for my old residenter!"

It seemed as if he could never think of his shrewdness without breaking into a fit of laugh-ter. Passers-by turned in startled surprise at Dick's sudden explosions of merriment, only to ee him surveying his new coat with vast con "No use talkin'. I'm great on a bargain.

Wish my chap would come. It's past dinner-time and I'm gettin' holler."

His wish was speedily gratified by the en-trance of a person to the stationery-store whose appearance gave Dick a sudden start. In a min-ute more he was across the street and had en-tered the store behind this person, a tall, handwell-dressed man.

some, wen-dressed man.
"Have you the paper ready which I ordered last week?" he asked, of the proprietor.
"Yes, sir," replied the latter, proceeding to it, while his customer quietly waited.
Is it the Gordon Mills paper, as I ordered?"

"Certainly, sir. You may see the water-mark," holding up a sheet before his eyes, "What will you have?" asked a salesman of Dick "Got any nice note-paper, with double D. for "I can let you have it with D."
"I want double D. or nothing," said Dick,

'I can have it made for you." "Can't wait. The 'stablishments I deal with all keep double D's. Didn't know this was a one-hoss retail concern, or wouldn't paternized you," said Dick, walking out with great dignity.

The gentleman with his package of paper had just left the store, and Dick kept his eyes inrassing up Chestnut street he came, near Tenth street, face to face with Miss Andrews, whom Dick at once recognized as the pupil in the singing-lesson he had interrupted.

The gentleman nodded familiarly to her as he bassed, a fact of which Dick made a mental ott as he continued his close pursuit.

The line of pursuit soon left of the land of the land

note as he continued his close pursuit.

The line of pursuit soon left Chestnut street, and followed less frequented streets in an up-

own direction.
The gentleman walked along in an easy, care

ous object of his pursuit. He turned at length into an unoccupied by-street, through which he

more slowly proceeded.

Near the further end of the street he entered a narrow alley, Dick hurrying up lest he should lose sight of his prey.

What was his astonishment, however, on arriving opposite the alley, to find himself in a tight grasp, and the face of the gentleman looking strength down on him.

tight grasp, and the face of the gentleman looking sternly down on him.

"Look here, boy, were youever well kicked?" asked the gentleman.

"Never by a jackass," replied Dick, saucily, striving in vain to wrench himself loose.

"You young villain! You've followed me now from Chestnut street. If I am not mistaken you were in the store where I got my paper. What you are after the Lord only knows, but if I catch your dirty face at my heels a square further I'll leave you in a condition to be carried home on a shutter." And loosing Dick with a contemptuous shove, the gentleman walkwith a contemptuous shove, the gentleman walk-

"Look here, mister," called Dick, after him,
"how many of the streets 'bout these diggin's
mought you own?"
"What do you mean, sirrah?" was the angry

reply.

"Only thought maybe you might rent me enough for a boy of my size to get through. Seems somehow a feller's got to ask you what streets he kin go through." an walked on, without answering

this home thrust.
"Bet I had him there," thought Dick. "That's as good a sell as I got on old Sol. Wonder what rent he'd take for a foot or so of pavement."

The joke seemed so good that he broke into a loud laugh, slapping his knee heartily in its enjoyment.

A most unexpected result occurred. A sound of ripping cloth was heard, and the new coat split in the back from shoulder to waist. It was a most rueful face that Dick wore when he put his hand back and discovered the nature

he put his hand back and discovered the nature and extent of the accident.

"I'll be fizzled for a salt mackerel if old Sol didn't sell me, after all!" he ejaculated. "Guess I'd best go back, like a blamed young fool, and trade even up for my old ulster."

Recollection of his pursuit returning Dick looked up quickly. The gentleman had disappeared. He ran hastily to the next corner. In vain; there was no such person anywhere in sight.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNGERING HEART.

BY MARY REED As I sit here in the twilight,
The pain that is in my heart
Grows deeper as the daylight
From the shadows drifts apart;
Till I almost wish in my anguish
That my heart might turn to stone;
Better so, than the burden bear
Of such bitterness alone.

Alone, while these torturing mem'ries
That are rushing through my brain
Seem like frenzied phantoms
Released from a galling chain.
Alone in this crowded city,
Working for daily bread;
Winning just a bare subsistence,
And a place to lay my head!

But with all the yearning hunger
Of a woman's heart to bear—
Yearning for that no wealth can give meHungry for love s sweet care.
I have searched this sea of faces—
Eut they all seem strangely cold—
Longing for one kind greeting,
As the miser longs for gold. But each night when twilight shadows

Through my attic window come,
They find me almost wild with hunger
For the love of friends and home.
Oh, my sisters! ye whose purses
Answer every fresh demand—

Answer every fresh demand—
Ye who clutch your dainty garments
With fair, bejeweled hand,
Fearful that they come in contact
With that poor old faded shawl—
You may scorn, but can you wonder
That the lowly sometimes fall? Perhaps that heart already burdened
By an overweight of pain,
Needed but your glance of scorning
To complete the tempter s chain.
If so, and ye meet up yonder,
In that City of the Blest,
May I ask, upon whose garments
Would the fearful soul-stain rest?

Sowing the Wind;

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WARNING CALL. It was not until long after the breakfast hour of the morning following Jocelyne's flight from Sunset Hill that her absence was discovered by St. Felix, to whom it was communicated by the ousekeeper. Search was instantly made by all the mem-

beared was instantly hade by all the members of the household.

The garden, the shrubbery, the house was thoroughly gone over; but, of course, no clue was obtained, and St. Felix was as bewildered and nonplused as he was surprised and enraged.

His determination to find her grew upon him

omently. To lose her now seemed to be mad-ning, in view of all that he had hoped and tended to perform. It seemed to him that by er flight he was suddenly brought to the very erge of an abyss, to the very brink of detecverge of an abyss, to the very brink of detection and exposure.

And detection in such an act as he had connived with meant a most alarming exposure.

Were Florian Ithamar to know that Jocelyne were living, and had been living from the very time of her supposed death, and had been detained from restoring herself to him by either force or specious reasoning on St. Felix's part, St. Felix knew it would go bitterly hard with him, while he also knew that, to himself, the loss of Jocelyne was really a personal blow.

He realized, keenly, that his action must be prompt. He was determined to find her, dead or alive, and he had satisfied himself she

or alive, and he had satisfied himself she had not destroyed herself upon the premises. His first act was to examine her wardrobe, which showed conclusively the fact that Joce-

lyne had not gone prepared for a long jour-Her pocket-book was in her dressing-case drawer, her hat and shawl in her wardrobe, she had even taken no shoes, wearing her slippers, and the silver-backed comb with which she fastened up her hair, was on her toilette-table, just as when she had removed it for the

Undoubtedly her going had been unpremeditated, probably caused by the offer of love he

Raum came to him with the information that Jocelyne had taken her white silk dress with

less manner, occasionally pausing to glance in a window, or casting a quick look behind him.

Thus they went on for several squares, Dick keeping rather close to the apparently unconsci-

The idea baffled him at the first.

If Jocelyne were there, how could he regain his power over her?

If she was at Westwood—and he was positive of it—his position was terrible. Suppose, in a moment of rapturous ecstasy, when Jocelyne was indulging herself by appearing to her lover, as he believed she would de, as he had every reason to know she meant to, by her carrying her burial robe with her—suppose Jocelyne should disclose herself to Ithamar, and tell him the whole incredible story?

A cold sweat broke out in huge drops on his forehead at the thought, and he found himself obliged to have recourse to a glass of brandy to

obliged to have recourse to a glass of brandy to steady his nerves.

For hours he thought and planned and devised schemes suited to the furtherance of his wishes; and at last, his plan of action was arranged to

And the first step was a letter, which he wrote and sent by a messenger to Westwood, with instructions to wait for an answer. The letter read as follows, and was without

"Rose, if you value your present safety, arrange to see me to-night at the summer-house where we met last, as near two o'clock as you can. You will not fail to come when I tell you it is a matter of life or death.

E. Sr. F."

He inclosed it in a well-sealed envelope, and addressed it, in a broad hand, to Miss Iva Ithamar, and then waited for the result of it.

It was about two o'clock of the day after Jocelyne had appeared to Mr. Ithamar, and lunch was spread in the dining-room for himself and Rose. They had not met before that morning and Boye had not petalten of her hyralfist, in ing, and Rose had partaken of her breakfast in stately solitariness, little knowing of the cause of her betrothed's absence.

of her betrothed's absence.

Since he had been so startlingly awakened, just before daybreak, by the vision of his lost love, Mr. Ithamar had been suffering all the tortures of keen distress and bewilderment. He had seen her so plainly, as plainly as ever he had seen her, and he could hardly convince himself he had not actually felt the pressure of her line are his care.

self he had not actually felt the pressure of her lips on his own.

"And yet, it could not have been. It is not possible that the dead come back. I must have been dreaming of her; I know I dropped asleep thinking of her—my little darling! It must have been that, waking suddenly from a vivid dream of her, I experienced an optical delusion —my dream taking a transient form and not inseparable from it." inseparable from it

my dream taking a transient form and not inseparable from it."

Such thoughts had presented themselves to him again and again during the morning, and the matter was so distressingly painful to him, that he felt unfit to meet his newly-betrothed at the breakfast table. He had sent down a courteous desire to be excused until lunch, when he would join her, and all the morning, while Jocelyne lay sweltering in the hot, airless attic, parched with thirst, and trembling with both physical and mental prostration, Mr. Ithamar was endeavoring to calm himself, and reason himself out of the idea that was hourly fastening itself upon him, and fastening itself all the more sharply since his vision of Jocelyne—the idea that he was doing both Iva and Jocelyne a wrong in so soon, apparently, forgetting one, and yet making the other his wife with no real tenderly true love for her.

It was a subtle question for him to decide, one which required all his delicate sense of honor and chivalry and ideas of what was due to the woman who had been his faithful friend through all his trouble, and who certainly loved him as well, though not as acceptably, as Jocelyne had done—all these considerations on one side struggling against the out-crying of his loyal heart in favor of his dead darling's memory.

"I might think Jocelyne came back to reproach me, if I allowed myself to think at all of the delusions I have experienced, for her face was sad and tenderly yearning, and her sweet eyes were full of woe—facts which themselves go to disprove the theory of a supernatural appearance—for the dead know no jealousy, and

eyes were full of woe—facts which themselves go to disprove the theory of a supernatural appearance—for the dead know no jealousy, and suffer no pangs of human passions. And my God knows, and, if permitted, my darling knows, that I think of her ever, even when I strove to make poor Iva feel her love for me was at least appreciated—that no one can ever begin to take her place in my affections."

He endeavored honestly to settle the question thus, and succeeded in restoring himself to calmness—a pitiful calmness that meant the despair.

ness—a pitiful calmness that meant the despairing endurance of the inevitable—and went down to lunch his usual self, courteous, pleasant, but with a look of painful anxiety in his handsome

Rose greeted him gladly, all her heart in the glance of her dusky eyes, and went swiftly up to him, lifting her beautiful face for him to

He bent toward her with a chivalrous courtesy that was inseparable from his demeanor to-ward women, but Rose realized it was not the demeanor of a lover, and the bitterness that was not new to her filled her, even when she felt the presence of mustached lips on her forehead. But she would not, for worlds, have permit-ted herself to display her true feelings; and so

ted herself to display her true feelings; and so she began to talk, pleasantly and entertainingly, while they seated themselves at the table and discussed the dainty lunch, which, in consideration of her lover's having partaken of no breakfast, was composed of heartier dishes than was

Mr. Ithamar noticed the kindly care she had taken, and thanked her almost warmly for it, calling a glad flush to her face and an eager tone

"I always will be so good to you, Florian, always! It shall be the end and aim of my life to study your happiness and comfort; I will never cease to devise plans to please you; I will make myself so necessary to you that you will have to love me, Florian, even as I love you-truly,

wholly, entirely."

In spite of himself it touched him—this hone ssion of hers—but he could not meet the ar-

contession of ners—but he could not meet the ardent rapture in her eyes with a like return, or even a semblance of it.

"I believe you will be loving and kind, Iva, and I am willing to trust the remnant of my life's happiness to your keeping. And I will be tender and true to you, for there is no one in all the world nearer or dearer to me than you the world nearer or dearer to me than you. We will live quietly, Iva, and if you do not regret having accepted the second place in my affections, knowing the first always belongs to my dead love, I see no reason why it should be an unhappy life."

"Unhappy with your Florian! If you spoke

an unhappy life."

"Unhappy—with you, Florian! If you spoke to me but once a day, and that to lay the hardest command on me, it would be greater happiness to hear and obey, knowing that I heard and obeyed as your wife, than to enjoy the combined pleasures of a world, without you! Florian, love, you never yet have known the depth and the strength and the possibilities of woman's love: but I shall teach you, and wait in patient hope for my reward—the full return of all I bestow."

Her ardor, her passionful earnestness was impossible to resist, and there was a strength of genuineness in it that appealed to him beyond the partial shrinking of soul, the words, her manner occasioned. So he answered, kindly, gravely, and wondered whether ever mortal

an was placed as he was placed.

Of the event of the previous night he said not word. He could not—to her. It seemed to a word. He could not—to her. It seemed to him that the subject was too sacred, the original too precious, to mention to any one. It had been his own sweet visitation, if visitation it was, his own personal delusion, if delusion it was, and assuredly his own sweet dream, if only dream it was.

only dream it was.

So he kept his own counsel, and retired from the dining-room while Rose still lingered over her dessert-plate of orange-ice, with the promise to take her for a drive at four o'clock.

He had not been gone more than five minutes when a servant tapped at the door with the note from her husband, and thinking only of the correspondence she was likely to receive by wrights. respondence she was likely to receive by private messenger—a note from a seamstress she was employing—Rose absently tore the envelope open, and did not recognize the fateful-familiar hand until she read the contents.

Almost a shriek of surprise and alarm was on

her lips as she started to her feet at the very first word, but she had the precaution to turn her face from the servant, in respectful waiting—and such a blanched, wild-eyed face as it was would have terrified him.

But the voice was under control as she spoke:
"You can say it is all right."

And the mockery of the words occurred to her as the sound left her lips.
"'All right! Will anything ever be all right with me again? What does he mean, writing to me so peremptorily? Can he know—oh, my God!—does he know? 'A matter of life and death'—what does he mean? Why is he here at all—what does he want of me?'

The thoughts ran hotly through her brain as

all—what does he want of me?'
The thoughts ran hotly through her brain as she stood staring at the penciled lines. Then a slow, desperate smile crept to her lips.
"I will meet him at two o'clock, but he will never trouble me again. I am playing with a high hand, and he shall not thwart me!"

CHAPTER XXXV

A CRIMSON DEED.

PUNCTUALLY at four o'clock the carriage was at the door, and Mr. Ithamar ready to accompany his betrothed for a ride. Rose also was in prompt readiness, dressed in an exquisite cariage costume, with not a trace of the ke larming surprise she had experienced so short-

She was in almost an exultation of spirits; she She was in almost an exultation of spirits; she laughed and chatted, and was bewitchingly entertaining, and Mr. Ithamar thought, as he looked at her pure, perfect beauty of ivory complexion and dusk-dark hair and eyes, her beautiful features and the richly-red lips, her ease, her grace, her refinement, that he was indeed lost to all sense of human perfection to think as lightly as he did of the prize that was his, and which, doubtless, other men would so have raved over.

The ride was delightful, and they returned in time for the seven-o'clock dinner. After dinner, Mr. Ithamar asked for some music, and they spent the evening in the drawing-room separating at eleven o'clock—Mr. Ithamar to retire to his room, in almost feverish hope that the sweet experience of the previous night might be repeated; Rose, to prepare for her interview with her husband.

with her husband.

The hours were not long in passing. Twelve and one and two struck in soft silver chimes from the cuckoo clock on Rose's mantel-shelf, and then, satisfied that Pauline was soundly asleep, and the house safe for her to make her exit, she wrapped a white zephyr shawl over her wrapper and stole out to the tryst.

It was a perfect night—warm, without being in the least oppressive, with a young moon hanging like a slender silver crescent in the darkblue arch. All the sweet silence of a summer night was in the air; a soft breeze was blowing among the trees in the wide-reaching park; a tender fragrance was all about her as she hurried along the path to the summer-house, her face paler than usual, her dusk eyes glowing with some such light as once when Jocelyne

with some such light as once when Jocelyne Merle had lain sleeping, powerless, before her.

It was past the hour appointed, and Ernest St. Felix, in his clever disguise of darkened beard and hair and skin, had been impatiently pacing to and fro in the star-lighted path beside the summer-house.

"If she days feel was large on these is a star-light days are started in the star-light days are started in the star-light path beside the summer-house. "If she dare fail me! As sure as there is

heaven above our heads, so sure will she be made to repent it in sackcloth and ashes. If she knew her neck came so near being caressed by the rope of the hangman, and she knew I know it, I imagine she would be less anxious to anger me. As it is, shall I tell her half, or all, the truth?"

He peered into the surrounding gloom, his prows knit his line compressed in encour.

you to come?"

He paused a moment, looking her full in the eyes, a slow smile gathering on his lips.

"I did not come to tell you I intended putting a stop to the little romance you are carrying on with Mr. Ithamar—indeed, I rather enjoy the idea of thinking how his lordship will be duned by you. No you have my permission to

duped by you. No, you have my permission to lead Mr. Ithamar into a trap if you choose—so long as the money comes regularly."

His lips curled with a sarcastic smile, and Rose knew the devil in his eyes well.

"You have some important errand, or you would not have come. When did you return from elvered?" The smile in his eyes deepened. Her question

was a good one. was a good one.
"Yes—from abroad—only I was not abroad
at all. I have been in the neighborhood of
Westwood since—let me see, I wish to be perfectly accurate—since the day Miss Merle was
haved?"

buried!"
He watched her narrowly. She gave a slight nervous start, and he saw her compress her lips as if that desperate determination of hers not to be alarmed at anything required to be maintained by sheer force of will.

He went on, in a low, almost horrible tone, that, in spite of herself, almost froze her blood in her vairs.

"Yes, I read the account of Miss Merle's sudden death in the New York papers—dreadfully sudden, wasn't it, and equally mysterious? I was instantly impressed with the suddenness and mystery. Do you know I believe there was food about.

Every vestige of that horrible jocoseness was gone now, and Rose realized there was a latent meaning in every syllable he uttered.

"Foul play! How could there be foul play?
The physician gave the certificate of the cause of death—suffocation while unconscious during an attack of fainting, while suffering from

Her voice had a strange mixture of pleading and defiance.

"How well you have it on your tongue's end, Rose! Yes, I read all that in the papers; but, then, you know, doctors are fallible, and every one has a right to their own opinion. I have mine, and I will defend it. I believe you, and you only, know the reason that was given in that certificate of death!"

She sprung back with a low gasp of horror.
"Ernest St. Felix! You believe me—me guilty-of-that?"

guilty—of—that?"

"I do. Deny it if you dare! You removed your rival; I know it—more, I can prove it!"

Prove it! The words rung in her ears like a clang of iron bells. Prove it!

Some one saw her, then—some one knew it, then, and all these months she had been walking on the edge of a deeper abyss than she dreamed of.

Prove it!—he, her one enemy, he, her husband, could prove it!
For one moment she seemed to feel the tightening of the rope around her throat; for one

moment she endured, with horrible realism, all the fear and dismay and horror that threatened her. Then she made a desperate rally, and he saw a red gleam, like a tiny speck, in her

eyes.

"And you came to tell me this? Perhaps you have an officer at your heels to arrest me on the charge of murder? Perhaps you intend to take the supposed outraged law in your own hands, and murder me?"

"I think you know me well enough to know I makes you call this a companion—

am alone—unless you call this a companion—you needn't be alarmed, I have not the slightest intention of shooting you."

He had carelessly taken a dainty little revolver from his pocket, its silver mountings gleaming in the starlight, and she had sprung back in

a sudden terror and su prise.
"St. Felix!"
He coolly played with the weapon as he went

He coolly played with the weapon as he went on talking.

"No; I am bad enough, but I never yet took human life. But you, Rose, who began by giving way to a love of dress, and a vanity for your good looks, and admiration for others than your husband—you, Rose, continued your career by playing the greatest fraud I ever knew upon unsuspecting people, by reddening your hands with the current of a human life. And you will end—where, think you?"

"And it was you who drove me from my rightful home, where, had I been treated as other women are treated, I would have been as content as other women. You drank; you tormented me with your groundless jealousy; you drove me half crazy with your continual charges of disloyalty, which I swear before God were false; you maddened me with your own treacherous conduct, and then taunted me for caring, while you openly admitted the baseness of your acts and defed my interference. treacherous conduct, and then the your own treacherous conduct, and then taunted me for caring, while you openly admitted the baseness of your acts and defied my interference. You insulted me beyond all precedent, and neglected me for others; you ordered compliance to demands no living woman would have obeyed —and I fled from you, in horror and disgust and despair. It was you, all you, who have led me to the spot where I stand to-day."

She was gloriously grand in her passionate defense, but St. Felix only smiled.

"What a splendid actress you would have made, Rose. You have all the elements of tragedy, both in theory and practice. Your life has been an unrecorded romance, and it is fitting that it should close with a grand denouement. Your position here is almost incredible to believe; you have succeeded magnificently in all

lieve; you have succeeded magnificently in all but one thing. Rose, you failed ingloriously when you tried to murder Miss Merle. You failed, and I am the only one in the world who knows that she is alive and well this minute."

The announcement was made with a vehe-mence that appalled her with its startling ear-nestness. Her eyes opened wildly in a stare of terror, her face grew livid, her lips compressed themselves to a thin ashen line. "Alive and well this minute!" She repeated the words in a hoarse whisper; a look of almost abject fear in her staring eyes.

yes. "That is what I said. Your plans failed most

signally."
Rose's lips almost refused to move to say the words that trembled on them.

"It is a lie—a lie! She died—I saw her dead in her coffin. She was buried in the vault in the village churchyard—I have visited her grave a dozen times. What horribly monstrous story is

this you are inventing?"

And yet, at the same time, there occurred to her with sickening force the vision of Jocelyne she had seen. Great Heaven! was he speaking the truth? Had it really been Jocelyne in the

anxious to anger me. As it is, shall I tell her half, or all, the truth?"

He peered into the surrounding gloom, his brows knit, his lips compressed in anger; and then he became aware that a white-robed form was coming swiftly through the shadows, and in another moment she was in his presence.

"You are come at last. I had begun to think you intended to defy me, Rose."

There was no greeting beyond that. She nodded her head, a little impatiently, and spoke in a low, suppressed, whispering tone:

"I am here. What is it you wish of me?"
If he had hoped to intimidate her by the use of the word "defy," he was mistaken, for not a vestige of fear was on her face, that looked wondrously fair as she threw back her shaw, letting the long golden tresses trail down over her shoulders and bust.

She was not afraid. She had made up her mind that she would not be terrified if he pressed her crime home with a faithfulness of detail that made it impossible not to believe he had seen the very deed. She had fully, calmly made up her mind to endure—for this once.

St. Felix had seen the start of surprise she had given at first sight of his strangely-altered appearance, but his familiar voice had instantly in the sassured her.

"Like yourself, I am masquerading—unlike yourself, it doesn't particularly improve me, does it? So you want to know why I wanted you to come?"

He paused a moment, looking her full in the

again of human blood.

gam of human clood.

Perhaps she realized that her soul was equaly guilty; that it was only blind chance that had
hade her lawfully clean—not morally.

A little defiant gleam was in her eyes as she
astily made a mental review of her actual con-

"I will not permit any difference to be made

I will have the marriage hastened, and once married—after what I shall do to-night—I defy Jocelyne Merle to come between me and my hus-band. She is proud, sensitive, high-strung, and could not endure to put herself where she would imagine she was not wanted; and I shall take good care that people at large, and Jocelyne in particular, shall understand that my husband

She was regaining her courage, and with every instant of busy thought was strengthened in the determination that had long since been born in her guilty soul, which had grown to its full size since the receipt of the summons from her bushand a few hours are

her husband, a few hours ago.

Ernest St. Felix, in his strangely-odd disguise of darkened hair and skin, stood regarding her, little knowing that he was infinitely more in httle knowing that he was infinitely more in her power than she was in his, little dreaming that in the cold hand clenched beneath the soft clinging woolen shawl that was folded closely across her breast and arms was a stiletto as sharp as blade could be—a tiny stiletto that had been bought long before for the very purpose it was now destined to fulfill. ow destined to fulfill.

He little knew, as he stood there, smiling in nis cool audacity, that there was suspended over nis life a blow that would as surely fall, and as fatally, as did the sword of the Chinese execu-

But the blow was to come; the murderous lit-Her nerves were quivering—somehow she felt tle weapon was poised for the thrust; and yet they his glance, his tone as if they had been lances of talked for many minutes longer, every one of talked for many minutes longer, every one of them adding strength to Rose's courage, reck-lessness to her determination; and, with the hope to find him completely off his guard, she purposely continued the conversation in a strain she knew would interest him.

"If, as you say, Jocelyne Merle is—not dead, where is she? Why is she not back at West-wood? If, as you say, she is not dead, why are you here to tell me? What is your expected end in view? You do not for a moment think your

end in view? You do not for a moment think your accusation against me will dare be carried on? Even were she dead the death-certificate would secure me. If alive—that ends it. What, then,

do you want of me?"
He stepped nearer her. He stepped nearer her.

"I want your co-operation and assistance, or else I will expose everything. Jocelyne has escaped from Sunset Hill, and I have reason to believe the is at Westwood, where she will doubtless attempt to personate a ghost and thereby retain her secret, which, for obvious reasons, she would prefer no one knows. I must get her away, back again, and you must help me. If you refuse, I will spoil your game here, from first to last, and help to land you in a worse place than your home with me was. If a worse place than your home with me was. If you oblige me, I will give you satisfactory, in-disputable evidence of my disinclination to in-terfere between you, and Mr. Ithamar, because I am going to marry Miss Merle myself—it's a

game we both can play at, you see. And as neither of us are troubled with much of the an-noyance called conscience we also will not trouble ourselves as to any annoyance we may cause others. We will be absolutely safe, if we cause others. We will be a guard each other's secrets.

Rose listened, as if weighing the subject carefully; then spoke with an eagerness she tried hard to avoid: "Supposing that I agree—does any one else know my secret but yourself? The secret of dentity?"

He shook his head emphatically.

"No living soul; I swear it."
"Does any one but you and I know or suspect ocelyne Merle's existence?" "No one in the world but we two and herself."

The gleam in her eyes deepened as she heard his assurance that she felt was the truth. If no one knew that she was not Iva Ithamar, then her secret would die with him. If no one knew of Jocelyne Merle's existence, no one ever would know, when he was silenced.

Silenced!

It meant the essence of liberty. It meant unfettered freedom. It meant immunity from exposure and the removal forever of the one dread he suffered. Even with Jocelyne alive she w she suffered. Even with Jocelyne alive she was safe, were St. Felix dead; for as Florian Ithanar's wife not even Jocelyne's return and restoration could change that established fact. It was the one, only avenue of escape for her. Already she had experienced the supposed burden of a crime-laden conscience, and she had proved that the heaven did not fall, or any miracle occur. To silence this one enemy would be to make her no worse than she had thought herself an hour ago.

herself an hour ago. Should she? And as St. Felix turned carelessly away from er, leaning against the portal of the door, waiting for her to decide, with a smile of triumph in his face as he peered out into the shadows to ee that the coast was still clear—just then, when he had not the slightest, remotest idea of nught happening him, Rose stepped suddenly orward, driving the stiletto down deep in his

For the length of a heart-beat—an infinitesi

For the length of a heart-beat—an infinitesimal period of time, almost, he glared in her eyes, then, as his hand moved feebly for his revolver, he dropped to the ground.

She sprung back, that no blood might touch her spotless dress—this fair woman, not so very long before guiltless of any worse sin than discontent and anger at her position in the world, who now, panic-stricken and terrified, knew, almost to a certainty that she had swept aside the last barrier between her and her love.

She stooped down presently and laid her hand.

She stooped down presently and laid her hand ver his heart, that had forever ceased its beating. She lifted his head that was almost face

ing. She lifted his head that was almost face down and saw the wide-open, glazed dead eyes, that stared at her, making her heart shrink and quake at the sight.

Dead, beyond the possibility of a doubt. Silenced, forever, and by her hand!

As if fascinated, she stood there several minutes, until suddenly conscious of the appalling fact that it was growing near the dawn. What if she should be found there?

Instantly she fled away, feeling as if the clamoring ghost of the murdered man were on her heels; speeding noiselessly along the dusky paths, with the stiletto still in her hands, crust ed with her husband's life-blood.

She gained the house, and her room, unseen,

She gained the house, and her room, unseen, her absence unknown. She succeeded in thoroughly cleansing the stiletto in the bath-room, etting tubs and tubs of the sanguine water rur

off to hide the traces.

She made sure there was not a speck of blood on her garments or hands; and then went to her room, white as a ghost, cold as a corpse, with the glare of those dead eyes following her when the cold of the specific states of the second of the sec wherever she looked. She was free—absolutely, absolutely free But, oh—the price!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 372,)

The Peach-blossom Silk.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

WELL, little one, what is it?" asked young Harry Armstrong, as he came in to tea one evening, and met his pretty wife in the hall, her eyes bright with delight, and a dainty note open

"Oh! Harry! what do you think? An invita-So select, they are! I never expected to be in-

"Well, I'm glad they noticed my little wife, if it pleases her," said Harry, "though I don't see why she isn't quite as 'select' as 'they are,' "Oh, Harry, they're so aristocratic, you know! It is an honor, that invitation is. We'll be sure

to go, won't we, Harry?"
"I suppose so, if your little heart is set upon t. But, suppose we go to supper first, for I near Bridget's bell."

hear Bridget's bell."

"There's one thing," said Belle, as they sat down to the neat table, "what shall I wear? I have absolutely nothing to wear."

"As bad off as Miss Flora McFiimsey of Madison square?" laughed Harry. "What has become of all the pretty new dresses you had when we were married, six months ago."

"Oh, Harry! they are all out of style now! Nobody wears such trimmings at this season!"

"Alter 'em, then." eagerly observed Harry."

Nobody wears such trimmings at this season!"

"Alter 'em, then," eagerly observed Harry.
"I might for some occasions, but not for anything as grand as this. I must have a new dress for Mrs. Calvert's, Harry; indeed I must."

"Well," said Harry, slowly, "I'm willing to grant you any reasonable indulgence, pet, but you must remember that this is my first start in business, and I can't afford to let you be extravagant. I have an order at Smith and Sharp's—you may go down there to-morrow and Sharp's—you may go down there to-morrow and select what you wish; only, Belle, I must stipulate that the dress doesn't cost over fifty dol-

"I dare say I can do very well on that," said Belle; "thank you, Harry! I'll call for Myra Grant to go with me to-morrow morning, she has such excellent taste."

"And such extravagant ones, too!" rose to Harry's lips, for he knew that Mrs. Grant was one of the most reckless women in their set, and he did not fancy her intimacy with Belle; but he could not bear to throw a damper over Belle's joyous anticipations, so he said only, "Don't let her lead you too far, Belle. I must insist on the fifty dollars. It's all I can afford, unless, perhaps, a trifle for gloves, flowers, or some such feminine fripperies."

"I'll remember," said Belle. And as Harry went out, she flew to find the last magazine and calest a costume to her fancy from the feels.

elect a costume to her fancy from the fash-

ion-plates.
"What color are you going to get?" asked
Myra Grant, as the two ladies entered Smith
and Sharp's the next morning dressed in their
pretty walking-suits.

"I don't know—something light and delicate.

Let us see what they have," said Belle. And in a few minutes they were tossing over the shimmering rainbows of lustrous silk which the obliging clerk threw upon the counter.

It was hard to make a selection from the lovely febries of blue pink may be levender.

lovely fabrics of blue, pink, mauve, lavender, and a dozen indescribable shades spread be-fore their admiring eyes, but at last Mrs. Grant

fore their admiring eyes, but at last Mrs. Grant pounced upon an exquisite piece of peach-blossom silk, thick, heavy and glossy.

"Here, this is just the shade for your auburn hair and clear complexion!" she cried. "You will be just like a blossom yourself in this, Belle! You must have it!"

"It is lovely—but—I'm afraid it is too expensive for me," said Belle, pressing the silken folds with longing fingers.

"Two-and-a-half a yard, only, madam," promptly put in the clerk. "The cheapest thing in the house, I do assure you, considering the quality."

"Indeed it is! And twenty yards will make the costume, Belle. Only fifty dollars! That isn't much; you must have it, indeed you

ust!"
No, it was not much, but then—it was all Hary had allowed, and the dress was to be made fter it was bought. But then, Harry had said he could have a trifle for extras, and he would-

she could have a triffe for extras, and he wouldn't mind the making.

Belle hesitated—longed—looked—allowed herself to be persuaded, and departed from Smith
and Sharp's the owner of the beautiful peachblossom cill-

and Sharp's the owner of the beautiful peachblossom silk.

"Now we must go to Miss Crawford's and see
about the making," she said.

"Miss Crawford! Indeed, you'll do no such
thing!" cried Myra, tossing her head. "Take
that lovely silk to Miss Crawford to spoil!"

"Why, she is as good as can be!" said Belle.

"Yes, for common occasions, I grant you.
But you must take this to Madame La Mode's
and have it made stylishly. It's worth while, I
tell you, Belle."

"But she'll charge a fashionable price, Pm
afraid," remonstrated Belle.

"No, she won't. A few dollars more than
Miss Crawford, I grant you," (a favorite expression with Mrs. Myra Grant,) "but then you
can't tell her dresses from real Paris costumes,
and it pays, I tell you. I always have her make
mine, and I'll get her to do her best for you.
Here we are right at the establishment now.
Let's go in."

Poor Belle hesitated but she followed her

et's go in."
Poor Belle hesitated, but she followed her tempter, and once in the presence of the styl-sh madame she was so overpowered with the grandeur and made to feel so weak by the con-descension of that superior personage, that she dared not object to anything. Lady readers will exactly understand that.

You will require lace for trimming," said

madame.

"Ye-es, I suppose," said Belle, faintly, "but please don't make it too expensive."

"Yes, yes! I comprehend!" assented madame, with her most gracious air. "A little lace, and a little satin piping, mere trifles—if the lady chooses she can safely leave it to my discretion."

"Yes, you can safely leave it to madame," chimed in Myra.
And so Belle "left it to madame" and went home delighted, but with some little inward tremblings which kept her from saying anything to Harry, and made her defer the purchase of gloves, flowers and fan to match the dress, until after that most important article

It chanced that Mrs. Grant was present when it came, and loud in her admiration. And in-deed it was a wonderful work of dressmaking art, but Belle's heart flew to her throat as she saw the rich flounce of frosty lace, headed with neavy satin pipings, and gave a guess at

cost.

"Oh, I can't wear anything so grand!" she cried. "Harry would never consent! It is a dress for a queen. Oh, Myra, what do you suppose the bill is?"

"Look and see" coolly suggested Myra.

pose the bill is?"

"Look and see," coolly suggested Myra.

Almost in terror Belle searched for the magic bit of paper in the bottom of the box, opened it, and turned pale and faint as she read it.

Making ... Satin.

"Seventy-five dollars!" Belle almost shrieked.
Oh, Myra! I never can pay it! You know I
never can! A hundred and twenty-five dollars

never can! A nundred and twenty-five dollars for a dress Harry said mustn't cost over fifty!

Oh! Myra, what shall I do?'

"Do? Why, throw the bill in your drawer and don't fret over it," said Myra. "Dressmakers never expect to be paid under six months or a year."

"But I may not be any better able to new it." "But I may not be any better able to pay it en!" cried Belle.

"Well, then, let it go longer," said Myra.
"I won't take the dress at all! I didn't order "I won't take the dress at all! I didn't order such an expensive thing, and I won't have it!" declared Belle, indignantly.

"I fancy you'll have to," coolly returned Myra. "Remember, you didn't purchase the material of madame, and you did leave the making and trimming to her discretion. If you will dance you must nay the piper, you know."

will dance, you must pay the piper, you know."
"I never would have danced to that tune, if
you had not persuaded me," said Belle, bluntly.
"And I tell you, Myra, I can't pay this ridicu-"Well, don't pay it, then," said Myra. "I owe madame now six times as much as I ever intend to pay her. I give her a little now and then to keep her in good humor, and I hunt her

me, and for the rest, she'll be sure to break up or die, some time, and then it goes with the other losses. It's the way half the ladies do."
"I don't care if it is, it's mean, dishonest, and unprincipled, and I'll die before I'll do so!" cried

unprincipled, and I'll die before I'll do so!" cried honest Belle, with flashing eyes.

"Oh! if you come to such terms as that, our acquaintance ends, of course," said Mrs. Myra, rising with an angry flush. "I wish you goodmorning, Mrs. Armstrong!" and before Belle could interpose, had she wished to do so, the irate lady had flounced out of the room, and poor Belle was left alone, with the beautiful dress lying before her, and the bill in her trembling hand. bling hand.

After much thought and trouble, she finally ecided on the best course she could have taken,

a full confession to Harry.

He looked very grave, but Belle's distress and confusion were so great, he kindly forbore to add to it by a word.

"What shall I do, Harry?" pleaded poor Belle. "I never can wear that dress! It is perfectly hateful to me now."

perfectly hateful to me now.
"I shouldn't like to see you wear it, indeed," said Harry. "There will be gentlemen at Mrs. Calvert's with whom I have business dealings, the control of the and whose opinion is of value to me, who would be certain to condemn such a display of extra-vagance on the part of my little wife. But we must pay for it, Belle, of course. I would rather lose five times the amount than have you try Mrs. Grant's plan."
"So would I," said Belle. "Harry, I think

perhaps I see one way out of this without calling on you for that seventy-five dollars. Will you trust me to manage it once more?"

"Of course," said Harry, smiling. "I think this lesson may be worth a goodly amount to you, Belle dear."

you, Belle dear."

"Won't it, though?" said Belle.

The next morning Belle took her dress, and hen story to her old friend and favorite, Miss Crawford, and asked her if she could help her.

Miss Crawford thought perhaps she could. A lady had left her an order for a dress, who she thought might be induced to take the pretty peach-blossom off Belle's hands. And so she did, at a hundred dollars, leaving Belle only too glad to escape with the loss of twenty-five

glad to escape with the loss of twenty-five.

Belle paid Madame La Mode's bill, and turned her back upon that stylish establishment for ever. And then she set herself to work to dress for Mrs. Calvert's party upon the remaining twenty five. g twenty-five.
She selected the freshest of her wedding silks,

a lovely pearl-color, purchased a few yards of snowy tulle and a basket of natural rosebuds, and took them to Miss Crawford. And between her own taste and Miss Craw-ord's skill, the result was worthy even of a

Harry was delighted, and Belle's joy was omplete when he repeated to her some very igh compliments which he happened to hear Mrs. Calvert herself pass upon Mrs. Armstrong's dress and appearance, and exquisite

Myra Grant was there, and after one glance of supercilious envy at Belle's costume, she gave her the cold shoulder the rest of the even-

and Belle did not care at all. While Harry was so glad to break up the intimacy between his true-hearted little wife and her quandom friend, that he did not in the least begrudge the seventy-five dollars' worth of bitter experience.

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BY SEELEY REGESTER.

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Sunshine Papers.

Where and What?

VACATION days are come; where are you going and what are you going to do? portant questions are these just now, and many are the minds they are agitating.

boys and girls are bidding adieu to teachers—without a sign of sorrow; teachers are dismissing scholars for the long vacation and with joyful visage. The collegian and the professor fling cares and studies to the winds and go their roads to rest and pleasure. clergyman turns the key on his study and hi back on his labor, and refreshes himself with a few weeks of travel. The man of busines shuts up his ledger and glances over his balance-sheet, and takes his family to some large hotel. The belles and the beaux pack their trunks and flee to Long Branch and Saratoga, to lay snares for each other. But where are all the clerks and the school-girls, the youths and the maidens, going? How are they to spend the long summer days?

The mountains push their heads into the blue ether, and the clouds cling about them in everchanging and marvelous beauty; the forests lie cool and fragrant upon their sides, full of insect music, and trill of bird, and trail of beast, and treasure of vegetable life; the streams lear and laugh, and sparkle and bubble, down rocky chasms, and fling great sheets of foam into somber abysses: the valleys lie verdant and smiling under the kiss of the sun and the caress of tossing shadows; the lakes flash and shimmer, and woo their lovers to sail and sport; the ocean ebbs and flows upon the white sands and fills the atmosphere with elixir of fresh, invigorating life; the farm nestles among its ancient trees, and the sweet, old-fashioned flow ers of its garden fling banners of glory and streams of incense upon the fervid air, and the

fields and the fruits ripen in the sun. Wherever the footsteps turn, beauty and freshness and the golden glory of the summer time await them. But stay away from crowded hotels and haunts of fashion and folly, if you would appreciate the summer's glory, and gain rest, and pleasure, and profit through the length of its days. Get up in the dewy coolness of the mornings and hunt the woods for blossoms and the fields for fruit. Rob the gardens of flowers and fill all the house and adorn the tables with damp sweet clusters of blooms. Put the saddle upon the horse and dash along some quiet road, or seldom-traveled lane, and see what charming bits of landscape await your discovery. Harness up the team and coax all the family to crowd in upon the haycovered floor of the wagon, and drive to some pretty stretch of woodland, or some shady meadow by the water-side, and spend a care free day, gipsying; build your own fire, and make your coffee or tea, and boil eggs, and roast potatoes in the ashes, and let there be books and bean-bags, balls and croquet to oc-

inder the trees at noon, to eat a regular picnic

Why, half the people who go to the country on a vacation, or to spend the summer, and half the people who always live in the country, do not know anything about enjoyment. How much fun it would be to teach the good old farmers and their dear, bustling, care-oppressed wives that life may be very much mixed with pure pleasures, and rests, and yet matters go quite as smoothly.

And how nice it would be if young ladies would learn the advantage of loose, short suits of flannel for summer use and could be inluced to climb in the barns, and help take care of the horses, and cultivate flowers, and engage in harvesting and berrying, and take parts in base-ball nines, with their brothers and cousins, and row, and ride, and walk ten miles or so a

Why, girls, if you once learned the fascina-tions of such a life, what glorious summers you would spend, and how healthy and hand-

ome you would grow! And for the young men who have but a few days to spend in pleasuring, there can be nothing more delightful than a walking tour through some of the wild beautiful counties of their native States. Ten, fifteen, or twenty miles a day of walking, resting under hedges, stopping for a cooling drink at some wayside farm, and eating at village inns, is one of the most pleasurable of vacation experiences; and when sisters and sweethearts can be induced to join these tourists, America may hope for a braver and nobler and fairer

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER?

Wouldn't it be better if many person would utter but half their sentences—break right in the middle of them? How good an pinion of the persons we have when we hear them utter a sentence something like the fol-lowing: "Edgar G. is a good fellow, openearted and generous to a fault—one of the best friends to the poor in the community—always ready and willing to help a fellow who is going down hill—never anxious to push the fellow, but to extend a helping hand and guide

Yet how sad we feel when the narrator continues with: "But I fear if he continues to drink, he will not be long with us." It is sad to have a sentence that commenced so pleasantly end so sadly. Yes, as sad as to think that one who has so many virtues should have so bad a vice—a life that began so pleasantly to have so sad an end.

Another says: "What a good and noble life Mrs. A. would live—so full of compassion and good deeds, self-sacrificing to the utmost, so anxious to relieve the suffering of others, and whose purse is ever open to the unfortunateif (that mischievous "if") she was not so prone to boast of her good deeds, for, though her charity benefits others, she spoils the beauty of it by boasting of the same." That is what I mean by breaking off in the middle of the sentence before one comes to the "if" and

Wouldn't it be better to do good deeds instead of making an ostentatious display? I'll tell you what put such an idea in my head. I was reading, not long since, that, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, a grand and gorgeous display of fireworks was given in honor of the event-one piece alone costing twenty thousand dollars! Why that extravagance? To impress people with the greatness of the queen and the liberality of the people? Wouldn't it have shown the liberality

of the people more if the money were be stowed on the sick and suffering all around them? That one piece would have kept hundreds from starving. The beauty of the fire-work lasted but a few moments, but the amount laid out on it-worthily bestowedwould keep the wolf from the door of many a home, for many and many a week. Good tatious display. That's what I think. But maybe I am odd. Please—as the children say you be odd and think so, too?

Wouldn't it be better for betrothed parties to be more careful, more thoughtful of themselves, and look a little bit into the future er they assume the cares of married life? Would not save much heartbreaking and untold misery? Adrian tells Bella that, when they are married, he will leave off drinking, and she, so much in love, believes him, and thinks her influence will be the means of reforming Why wait until they are married Why not lay the ax to the root, and cut off the evil at once? It has always seemed to me that if a man will not cast away his bad habits and vices before marriage, he is not inclined to do it afterward. I think my statement can be verified by cases brought to one's notice eyery day. A young girl is somewhat inexperienced in the ways of the world; she looks upon her lover as her ideal of perfection and she trusts implicitly to his word, and be lieves he will give up drinking after the nuptial knot is tied. I don't say he deceives he as to his promise, for, perhaps, he believes he will keep it; but if he does not, how sad is the result! He, a poor inebriate, and she, a sad heart-sick drunkard's wife! A life more sad the angels of heaven never looked down upon. If angels weep, surely they would shed tears

these wrecked and wretched lives. Wouldn't it be better to live at peace than be at war with every one? Not to cast aside the old friend for the new, not to trust too much to one who strives to prejudice your lifelong friend against you. Trust him who has ed himself true and loyal to you, and not one who, by praising you and puffing what you do, makes you think less of Him who made you what you are. If we could but look into the heart, as the great Father of us all can do, we could soon detect the true from the false and we would then see who were our staunch friends and who the bitter enemies. But as we cannot, we must trust to our judgment, and it should show us that deeds and not words prove the worth of our fellow-man.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Hullen's Babies.

THERE are eight of them; Pus is one year old, Bob is two, Sal is three, Bill will soon be four, Jake is nearly five, Dick is six and the twins Bob and Sam are seven. You can always tell which is the other by looking at them, but you can't tell which is which without you scrape them. They are very cleanly in their habits-of cleaning victuals off the ta ble—and when they are washed it is difficult for them to tell their own names. The twins can't tell themselves apart, and often Bob eats his own pie and Sam's too, so mixed do things

And my wife looks over her spectacles, and says: "That is pretty much so, Washington."

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN. cupy the time. Help grandpa make his hay, his own pie and Sam's too, so mixed do things

and drink cider and eat cake for lunch, and sit get between them, but I don't think that Bob ever got a licking for Sam from the fact that none of them ever got licked at all. I won't swear that they never needed it in their inno-cent youthfulness and buoyancy of spirits.

Their mother can always stop their cryingfor awhile-by giving them cake; unlike any

other children they are fond of it.

It is fun to look into the room through the keyhole and get pepper blown into your eyes, or push the door slightly ajar and listen to their wise old sayings, and have the door suddealy slammed to before you can get your ear

I occasionally call to spend an idle hour with these dear children, which I do very pleasantly. First the sweet little baby I must take from the nurse and trot it on my knee for the purpose of making it stop crying just a lit-tle. The harder I trot it the less it don't stop, though how it could cry then, under such jolt ing circumstances, I can't see. The dear little thing affectionately slobbers all over his old uncle's shirt-bosom, and gets its fingers, about hundred of them, so dextrously tangled up in my gray beard that I can't extricate them, and by the skillful aid of the family they are finally released, and the loose whiskers are swept up and emptied out of the back win-

I look around and see Bob, aged two, with his feet in my silk hat, sitting on the rim and hammering the sides with all his might and a club; or perhaps I will notice Jack standing on top of the hat making one of those highly in telligent and precocious speeches like "Maryad al ittle am" or "Mother can I go out to

How they dearly love to gambol with that hat! If I had fifty hats they would like to play with them all, and would, too, as long as

When the whole eight (they were born to be sailors—or monkeys) climb all over me at once, with one perhaps sitting on top of my bald head, making interesting remarks about the same, and two or three feeling in my pockets for chance pennies, and one with my watch out, diligently breaking the crystal and bending the hands clear back to day before yesterday, and another cutting the buttons off my waistcoat, and one or two riding on my foot to Banbury Cross (which they never reach, somehow,) I feel like Gulliver when he woke up and found the Lilliputians had possession of him, and then I yawn and shed the

whole eight—a pastime I greatly enjoy. What splendid prize-fighters Bob and Dick will eventually make when they come to develop their muscular powers! For five cents they will begin with the greatest science to pound each other's mugs in a way which pleases me to see, using the intellectual slang of the prize-ring, while Jake stands as umpire, holding the sponge, and occasionally wiping the boys' noses—which greatly need it in a na-

Mrs. Whaffles was visiting there the other day in her elegant new silk, and while greatly absorbed in praising up the children, the pre cocious little Sal was behind her chair whack ing her dress with the scissors, and when she was discovered and gently chided she said: "Mam, you told me I must learn to cut dresses, and I was just beginning."

At the table yesterday when Mrs. Jones was present and the happy mother was conventionally apologizing over the scarcity of the victuals on the table, the talented Bill said: Why, mam, you said you'd have to put all you've got on, for Mrs. Jones eats like a sausage-mill, if she has got false teeth." The preacher was there one day and asked

them "if they liked to be good?"
"No, sir," said each, trying to speak first "Why don't you like to be good?

"Because we don't have any fun." "Well, my little folks, is fun all you live for?" asked the parson, sedately, frowning. 'Oh, no, fun and preserves!

When Miss Ana Pestic, a country relative of the family and a poetess, went there for rest, and to gather inspiration from the smart babies, she only went to stay all summer, and a young man by the name of Bluggs fell in love with her poetry and pretty soon with the poetess also. As his business kept him away in the daytime he was only there at night, and the babies kept them from getting too lonesome. He was a very modest youth, and on one of the first nights was led to blush by in-

advertently asking if those children were hers. One evening Bluggs was invited there to ea, and was modest and not very hungry. The babies were in their accustomed places at the first table. Dick was noticed to nudge Sam, and Sam would nudge Dick, and both would grin. By and by, the father of Hullen's Babies inquired the cause of all that childlike

Dick swallowed the mouthful of meat, and when he got done choking, said:

'I know suthin'.' "Yes, my darling young hopeless, you know a great deal; but what do you know in parti-

"Well, pap, I was behind the front door last night, when Mr. Bluggs left, and they didn't know it, and Mr. B. said to Ana he was afraid he wouldn't git to see her till the next night and wouldn't she give him a kiss, and he'd wear it in his vest-pocket, and she puckered up her lips like she was goin' to spit on him, and he kissed her, and he licked his lips like there was molasses on 'em, and said it was good.

Miss Ana bestowed an affectionate look on the boy, and left the room in a whirlwind. Mr. Bluggs didn't know what to do, so he upset his tea and dived through the doorwould have gone through the keyhole if the door had been locked. He staid away two

mortal nights before he went back. It got to be no common matter for Bluggs to reach under the sofa when he went there and fetch out one or two boys by the heels; or the whole of the babies would be climbing over him, helping him to be happy, but never unless their hands and faces had one or two coats of apple-butter. Finally the babies made nim like to go there so bad that he staid away altogether, and Ana went into a decline—and

the country. One Sunday, when the family had gone to church, Jake got the scissors and shingled all the curls off Sal's head, and tying them on a stick, made one of the nicest little chair-dusters in the world, and when the astonished parents came home they were so mortified that they positively refused to allow him to play in the mud for a whole week, which nearly killed

Whenever I leave those extraordinary children, and thoughtfully wend my way home, and proceed to take off those pieces of rags, which, in their youthful exuberance they attach to my coat-tails, with matter of fact pins, I say to my wife:

There never were any children like Hullen's babies; they are really valuable enough to take to the taxidermist's and get them stuffed.

Seasonable Dress Notes.

For children nothing is prettier than barege dresses, and many of the French styles are surorisingly handsome and novel.

Very many costumes of white barege this season have been trimmed with silk bands supplemented with lace or fringe, and others have been seen with ball fringe. The latter, howbeen seen with ball fringe. The latter, how-ever, is rather heavy, and is not ornamental. The colored bareges are pretty for day

dresses, and in some of the light tints are beautiful for evening wear. The rose, pale tea color and light green make up beautifully n combination with white or ecru, with two different shades of the same color.

After barege, the pretty grenadines are ought for, and in this material there are so many varieties that it is simply impossible to describe them. The plain qualities are in all colors, and the fancy patterns are more suitable as overdresses for silk skirts than they are for entire costumes. Many of the black ones are trimmed with bright colors, such as green, blue, mandarin, or red silk, and are as handsome as they can be made costly.

Crepe de chine is the most beautiful material in the market for summer dresses of an exceptionally handsome quality. They are usually combined with silk, and are elaborately

trimmed with lace, fringe or silk.

In lighter goods are all the family of muslins, from the coarse, checked qualities for ome wear to the sheerest, richest India mulls. organdies and lawns, that cost considerable but which make up exquisitely. When not over rimmed, no dress is more elegant than one of

In solid colored lawns there are many pretty eatterns, but these goods are not in such favor as they were before the combination style of

ress was introduced. In fine fabrics of ivory white, tilleul, and ther pale hues, there is a new challie gauze, soft in texture, and admirable for draping. In thicker materials there is the new foule cashmere in all the fashionable shades; it is light and soft and makes up well, as it hangs in

graceful folds without any stiffness. In colored organdies there are some of the handsomest figures ever exhibited. They are marvels of artistic taste, and are in exquis olor combinations. Palest rose grounds halfblown moss buds and dainty, small buds, all yet covered with green moss, strewn all over them; and others, of soft cream hue, are so dotted over with forget-me-nots that it is be vildering to look at the little flowers with any thought of deciding their position on the ground of the goods. Larger patterns have sprays of lily of the valley clustered over them, and one pattern, royally handsome for a tall brunette, was of corn color with sheaves of wheat thrown

In making up bareges care should be used to select trimming that will lighten the effect rather than add to its somberness, and buttons. which have been used somewhat on them, pro duce the latter effect. For dresses that are to be worn on ordinary occasions self trimmings are preferred, and the ingenuity of the modiste can decide how to arrange the kilting or ruf-fles to the best advantage. Barege is a becoming material to most persons, adding, by its soft, clinging grace, to the beauty of the face as well as to the figure.

Of fancy materials of all kinds there is no end, and those who find new dresses an imperative necessity can have endless choice. most among these goods, suitable for washing, are the fine suitings of cream grounds, covered with thin lines and dashes of dark red, blue or black. They are light, and the effect is that of neigeuse cloth. Then there are dark blue, green and brown cambrics, striped with thick and thin lines of contrasting color, exact imitations, in style, of the costly twilled silks worn during the winter. Other dark cambrics are striped with Persian patterns. Basketwoven linens and damask linens are also in

many attractive colors. Among all the goods in the market for Summer dresses the finer brands of white barege give the most satisfaction for general wear. rain, are strong and resist rough usage, and are dressy enough when richly trimmed, to be vorn on the most select occasions. They have this advantage over grenadine, that they do not crush and wrinkle at all, and their othe rival, crepe de chene is too expensive for the generality of women to buy it. Almost every woman can have a barege, and it is taken for granted that if one is purchased it will be white. They are not pure white, but a rich ream, and can be made to assume a yet deeper tint by a lining of cream colored cambric or cotton. The demand for cream color is greater than ever this season, and for this color ecru-lace is the ornamentation. If dresses are made in the Breton style they are usually trimmed with embroidered bands. If for evening wear, then the bands are always handomest in white patterns; if for dinner or reception wear, the colored bands are suitable

Topics of the Time.

Seventy-six thousand ordinary and 249 political offenders are undergoing penal servitude in Western Siberia.

—The Cincinnati Commercial looks upon ice-water as the most deadly drink of the day, and it suggests a crusade against it.

The captain of a Canadian steamer has been arrested on the charge of desecrating the Sabbath, by using his boat for an excursion trip. -It has been demonstrated that for all tele

graphic purposes the English language is from 25 to 33 per cent. cheaper than the French, German, or any other language. —A Pittsburg court has decided that a city ordinance prohibiting the employment of "waiter girls" in saloons is too general in its terms, and illegal for the reason that councils have no

ight to restrict the employment of women. -It is claimed that the branch mint in San —It is claimed that the branch limit in San Francisco has coined in the year last closing more than was ever coined in one year by any other mint in the world. The amount was: Gold, \$32,552,500; silver, \$13,540,000; total \$46,-

101,500. -It is stated from Vienna that a man named Bernik, a groom of an aristocratic house, during a fit of religious fervor nailed both his feet and his left hand to the floor of his bedroom, and then with his knife cut his left side open. During the entire operation he gave no sign of

-The custom in Eastern Turkey is to remove the boots and shoes on entering church. An American saw at Anital, Turkey, 1,200 boots and shoes at the door of the church, present-ing a very curious sight. The men go in bareot, but keep their hats on.

The King of Sweden is a very fine linguist—talks English, French, German and Italian fluently and with elegance. While yet Crown Prince he sent in a metrical rendering into Swedish of La Gerusalemme Liberata, signed only with a motto, to a literary society of Stockholm, and carried off the laurel of views, from all competitors. He is studious signed. tory from all competitors. He is studious, simple, and much liked.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Hungering Heart;" "Farewell;"
Be Kind;" "Pray;" "A New Wonder;" "The
Best of Three;" "Nora Percy's Adventure;" "Gong into a Decline."

ng into a Decime.

Declined: "His May Rose;" "My Jewel;" "Murler Will Out;" "Over the Fence;" "A Stupid Misake;" "Many a Slip;" "The Lost Steamer;" "OldBooks;" "A Beam of My Eye;" "Calling the Dogdes Home;" "The Talented Tramp."

H. E. W. Use larger paper and write more plainly. CHARLEY W. We do not care for the "speeches. J. C. C. Poem rather crude, though sentiment is

Mrs. C. M. A. MS. good enough for use, but we annot find room for it.

HERMAN. Sketch very good but declined—having lready quite a surfeit of its class of story.

OLIVE and BLANCHE. We have, since answering your former query, learned that "Kismet" is the Mohammedan exclamation signifying "It is Fate." A. H. S. Ask your theatrical question of the N. Y. Clipper. It makes the comings and goings of actors and sporting men a specialty. Whether worsted cheneal fringe is to be the style this fall no one can yet say.—Don't know what became of Harry Richmond.

Sr. Louis. Cancers are not "incurable" if taken in hand and cut out to the furthest root early in their development. If allowed to develop they are 'dangerous."—Each poet named is great in his way. Byron undoubtedly had most genius and finest power of expression.

KITTY ATHERTON. The nervous sickness will wear off with a little experience before an audience. It is not uncommon. Temporarily use tincture of valerian; for the real sickness and nausea a little camphor in water. But the best medicine is to learn to face an audience.—You write a very neat,

Kasson. West Point is yearly turning out more graduates than can be given lieutenancies in the army. Of the graduating class this year, seventy-two in number, over one-half will have to "await orders," A few years of peace and our army on a peace footing, will give the country a plentiful supply of "West Pointers" without a command.

MAIME. Heavy embossed silver rings are worn by our most stylish belles. One such on the hand dives a unique contrast to the gold and gems of the ther rings. That is what it is for. Wear on the econd or large finger. It has no special "lan-nage," A hand looks all the prettier for pretty ings if not overloaded with them.

rings if not overloaded with them.

T. N. J. The type-writing machine makes abominable manuscript. None of it for us. The revision necessary to make it good printers "copy," together with its great inequality of impression renders it unwelcome to publisher, editor and printer. Stick to the pen, and give us plain, openly written pages of letter or commercial note size. "Foolscap" is rather large for the compositor's "case."

cap " is rather large for the compositor's "case."

CENTER STAND. Can't answer as to honesty of the Lexington track and the time given for Ten Broeck. His record now is: For four miles, 7:15%, September 27, 1875; for three miles, 5:26%, September 23, 1876; for two miles, 3:27%, May 29, 1877; for one mile, 1:36%, May 24, 1877. Each the fastest on then Kentucky wins against the world!

ELDEST BROTHER. No "impropriety" whatever in the pleasure, especially if it pleases another who has a natural right to your attention. Any pleasure can become a dissipation by over-indulgence, and then it is censurable. It is not a woman's way to force attention from the opposite sex; hence it is not only proper but requisite for you to make the advances.

treme economy that what would have been a hard-ship four years ago is now commendable self-de-nial. To do such labor as offers is both proper and praiseworthy. Help along cheerfully. True friends will prize you all the more for your indus-try and economy. When easy times come again you will look back on your present struggle as nothing to be regretted.

when the top the terminal of t

patroman's pay is about \$2.80 per day.

SAWMILL SAM A cattle ranche is only profitable to men of means. Small farmers by growing gradually into stock and land are pretty sure to become wealthy. The cattle herder is usually a very "rough customer," and the position is not a desirable one. Wages are low, and the life everything but luxarious. If you have a desire to embark in cattle or sheep raising, go to Kansas first, and there learn by observation and experience all about the business.

Miss Pushy. Of the three named the last is best all things considered. In the choice of lover or friend be governed less by mere looks than by personal qualifications. If H is annoyingly jealous and unreasociable refuse him your notice and attentions for awhile—that will probably make him tractable, if he really is attached to you. Girls of eventeen ought not to marry, nor to begin to "angle for husbands." They are too young to as-

Will. Your hight and weight, we should say, be token a fine figure. Keep your habits regular Don't go out nights to stay late, and let your dieb ep lain but plentiful. A fine physique is a wo man's warmest admiration.—The companionship indicated ought to be excellent for both, if wholly free and confidential. Better that a thousand times than to waste time, money and attentions or those who can be nothing to you.—Three years is not a long time to serve at a trade. No good trade can be learned in less time.

Mary L. See suggestions to "Belle." Nimble fingers are just what are wanted now. If you had a good aunt and uncle like the two young ladies referred to it would of course be "nice." Perhaps they might suggest for you. A little weekly pocket money that is all your own is a pleasant thing to possess, certainly. The feeling of utter dependence forced on so many women is very humiliating and painful, at times.—Neglect to keep a promise to write is a discourtesy.—A trip under the auspices named would be entirely proper. It is a compliment to you to have been asked.

compliment to you to have been asked.

Orrin Z. Artemus Ward's real name was Charles Farrar Browne. He first "appeared in public" as local editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, about 1853. "Doesticks" was then on the Detroit Tribune; the present bishop of Illinois, McLaren—a very genial fellow—was on the Pittsburg Commercial; "Invisible Green" and "The Fat Contributor" were on the Cincinnati Times; B. F. Taylor, the poet, was on the Chicago Journal; Anson G. Chester was on the Buffalo Express, and Petroleum V. Nasby was on a little "one-horse" weekly, the Advertiser, printed at Plymouth, Ohio. All these men made their papers musical enough, and every one became celebrated.

MATT. The best trotting time given in the Calendar of the Turf is by Goldsmith Maid. She made one mile in 2:14, in harness, with a running mate at wheel, at Mystic Park, Boston, Sept. 2d, 1874. Her fastest mile in harness, alone, was in 2:14½ at Rochester, Aug. 12th, 1874. At Buffalo, Aug. 8d, 1876, she made, in harness, three miles in 2:16, 2:15½, 2:15. Her only close competitor was Lulu, who trotted a third mile in 2:15 (Buffalo, Aug. 10th, 1875); and Smuggler, at Hartford, Conn., Aug. 3ist, 1876, who won first two heats against the Maid, in a sixmile trot, viz.; 2:15½, 2:17, 2:16½, 2:17½, 2:18, 2:19½, 2:175, 165½, 2:17½, 2:18, 2:19½, 2:175, 2:18½, 2:17½, 2:18.

DIGGORY. A "fence," in burglar parlance, is a place where stolen goods are disposed of. We know of no "thieves dictionary" among books. New York is a gathering place of criminals both because it is a great city and that it is the first landing of the horde of rogues who flee from other countries to this. In its permanent population New York is as moral as any large city in the world—Bonner, we believe, never permits his prid.—Bonner, we believe, never permits his bress to enter for a race. He occasionally trots em for time, for his own pleasure. A fast horse a poor investment. "Fast horse—fast man" is to very far from the truth, though like all sayigs it has honorable exceptions.

ELHU P. The rule of the sultan of Turkey extends over all of the entire sea-coast countries extending from Turkey in Europe to Morocco, viz.: Asia Minor, Palestine, Arabia, Egypt and the Barbary States—all Mohammedan, and acknowledging the sultan s sovereignty. All these countries will contribute troops, war material and money to his aid, and if the war takes on the guise of a struggle between Christian and Moslem the sultan will receive the sympathy and aid of the vast Mohammedan races of all Central Asia. In that event it will probably result in a combination of the Christian powers of Europe. There is no likelihood, however, of this contingency. After one or two decisive defeats—one in Asia Minor and one in Turkey, the sultan probably will hasten to make peace.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

MEMNON.

BY A. W. BELLAW

All night the throbbing of the oars
And measures of the Osirian song
Flowed through our half-sleep; touched out As gayly sped our galley along.

All night the warm airs, welcome-sweet, And lotus laden from the land Worried the taper's waning flame; And we were kings in a kingdom grand

We woke. Low on the Lybian plain
The white star and the withering moon
Told morning. Down the dusky tide
Stood Memnon waiting with his tune.

Ah, how we hasted to be there In hour to hear it! How we sped By dreaming temple, frowning sphinx, And mountain tenements of the dead!

Lightly we leapt the throng among
Of men and priests all prone in prayer,
Nor ran a ripple on the Nile
Under the silence of the air.

Nor stirred the lilies' snowy flakes About the marge, nor on the shore Shook the red popy, and far off The very fields to wave forbore.

From sacred censors of the priests
The smoking incense climbed and wreathed
'Round those mysterious lips of stone
To woo the music to be breathed.

My mate and I put off our crowns, Kneeling, since kings must kneel in grace, Then gleamed the ray in air above That, falling, flushed it full in face. Then all the lilies lengthened out
Their pale, pure pennons, and the tone
Mounted through myriad heavens of sound
To meet the Morning on its throne.

Then down it died in heart of earth:

What Lily Accepted.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE four of them were as unlike as could well be imagined, and as they sat in earnest conclave in Mrs. Dalzell's little parlor, they re-presented vastly different styles and charac-

Mrs. Dalzell, pale, faded, woful and wearied looking, and looking so perfectly the proud lady she had always been—proud, despite the plainness of her little house, and the shabbiness

Miriam Dalzell, her eldest daughter, a beautiful as a dream, with her exquisite Greek features, and a complexion like unsunned snow, with her magnificent black eyes that always were beautiful, whether languid and dreamy or haughtily questioning, with her wealth of blue-black hair that crowned her like a

She had always been regarded as a beauty and had always been the reigning belle in the town where they lived. But now, when Mr. Dalzell's death had been the cause of their being obliged to leave their pleasant home and occupy a suite of apartments, when they suddenly discovered that instead of a large, ample income, they would be obliged to us the closest economy to at all manage on the pitiable little sum that was left them; then Miriam's belleship fled from her, and she took her beauty and her grace, and her high-toned elegant tastes, and her hauteur with her into an obscurity that was agonizing to be endured.

Then, sitting a little apart from either mo ther or sister, was Lily, Mrs. Dalzell's youngest child—Lily, as unlike her sister as it was possible for them to be —unless was excepted the vein of pride that ran in all the Dalzells, but which, in Lily's case, was of a different quality from Miriam's—a quality that, while in Miriam it made her excessively haughty and exclusive and reticent and vain, in Lily was dignity and strict womanly truthfulness and elevation of character

No one ever thought of calling Lily pretty —she was too slight, too petite; she was neither blonde nor brunette, therefore was not notice able for personal characteristics. Her com plexion was fair, and soft as rose petals, he were tenderly gray, intelligent, amiable and frank in their expression, and her hair was of chestnut brown.

But her mouth was exquisite—so girlishly lovely, with its proudly curved lips, red as spray of moistened coral, with even milk-white teeth, showing becomingly when she laughed, and with a distracting dimple in her left

The fourth of this quartette was Mrs. Dalzell's brother—Uncle Hiram, who had been very averse to his sister's marriage with Court nev Dalzell, and who had never seen or communicated with his sister during all the years of her married life, until, when Mr. Dalzell had died, he had sent word to know if he could be of any service to his sister or her

Then, knowing her brother was immensely rich, and perfectly able to do great things for either of her girls, or both, for that matter. Mrs. Dalzell had written accepting his proffer, with large hopes based on his coming

And he had come, and had seen to the settle ment of his brother-in-law's affairs, and now, that the widow and her two daughters were settled down in their comfortable, plain little suite of rooms, and Uncle Hiram Wingate was to return home on the next day to New York. the final family talk was at hand, introduced by Mrs. Dalzell herself

'And now, Hiram, what about the girls?" "Yes—about the girls. I've been thinking it over considerably, and I've come to three conclusions, any one of which I will agree to put into effect."

Miriam dropped her long-lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Uncle Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart throbbed as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Uncle Hiram went on, succinctly: "Of course I take it that you girls, between you, intend to let your mother have an easy At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further enfeebled by trouble. Miriam, you

endorse that?" And Miriam, with magnificent visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assented, in her

"Good. Now, first of my suggestions is, that Miriam take a position I can get for her— Yes, this is Lily Dalze right here at home, too—saleslady in one of your auntie, my dear!

your first-class drygoods stores."

And, bewildered, Lily obeyed, w
Had a thunder-bolt fallen at Miriam's feet Hiram laughed and explained it all. she could have been hardly less startled. "I go behind a counter and sell -goods! Oh,

Uncle Hiram! Her delicate ivory cheeks flushed painfully. 'And why not-vou?" Miriam looked at her mother, who compress-

cupation, Hiram. She has been brought up got, after we die?" like a lady, you must remember."
Uncle Hiram frowned.

"Then I am to understand that your theory is that to earn one's living decently and honestly is to be-not a lady!"

Mrs. Dalzell fluttered her pale, thin hands, as if torm by her conflicting desires to maintain her dignity and yet not affront this rich brother of hers who might do such glorious things if he only would

"I really think you should not blame Miriam, Hiram. You must remember she has been educated with a view of something better in life than the drudgery of working for wages. Her manner and appearance protest

Uncle Hiram gave almost a grunt, so emphatically he aspirated "humph!"

"Then I am very sure she wouldn't do at all for the two other positions I have in mindneither of which are so tempting to the average female mind as waiting in a store. Lily my dear, I think I had better direct my sug-

Lily laid down a strip of ruffling her deft fingers were hemming, and drew her low has-sock nearer her uncle's knee, and listened for

what he should propose.

He looked down at her kindly, almost tenderly—this little niece who was so like the Wingates that it was difficult for him to realize she was a Dalzell, and who had—somehow taken the hold on his affections that Miriam had so desired for herself-that Lily herself had no idea she had accomplished.

"Well, little gray-eyes, if you are not ashamed of earning your own living, I can give you your choice of two situations. One, is that of assistant forewoman in the shirt-factory on Edgehill street, and the other—well, I suppose your sister and your mother will regard it as disgracefully menial—but, if you ask my opinion, I should say it was the best offer of the three. It is that of a sort of companion and—well—assistant to an elderly lady."

Miriam gave a little refined cry of horror. Mrs. Dalzell held up her hands in dismay, while both spoke simultaneously

"Hiram, how can you?"
"Oh, Uncle Hiram!"

While Lily kept her bright eyes on his face.
"Go on, uncle, please. I agree with you that the latter is the best position, and if you will tell me further about it, and think I could fill it-I will take it."

Uncle Hiram's face relaxed into a beaming "Sensible girl—I see there's Wingate stuff

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the oom to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?" Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indigna-

"Lily Dalzell!"

Uncle Hiram nodded approvingly.
"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy, and her wages good—twenty dollars a month. I know the old lady, and 'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily—what do you say to it? Shall it be honest independence -rubbing on as you've been doing?

"I'll go, gladly, Uncle Hiram. I am not ashamed to work for my living, and, besides, only think how much help my wages will be here at home. I have enough clothes to last me, mamma, for several months at least, and I will send you nearly all I get. Only think, mamma, how nice it will be for you!"

Lily's cheeks were glowing and her gray

Mrs. Marion-that's her name.'

Lily should go—or rather Lily settled it her-self, for Mrs. Dalzell and Miriam did little else. after Uncle Hiram had gone to his hotel, but ed to the garden. moan Lily's want of pride, and berate Uncle

Wingate's disgusting stinginess.
"To think he should dare offer to put you in such positions, when he himself rolls in riches. The stingy—curmudgeon, if I must say it!' And Miriam's beautiful eyes grew

with tears as she echoed her mother's bitter in-"The idea of my standing behind Ferguson's

But, Lily held her peace and packed her little trunk. And the next morning, bright and early, was off to her new untried position. It was late in the afternoon when the car riage Uncle Hiram had taken for them at the lepot stopped before an imposing brown-stone sion, on a wide, aristocratic-looking evenue. Lily looked up at the rows of plateglass windows, hung with lace draperies, at the elegant boxes of flowers inside them, at the large square vestibule paved with blocks of blored marble, at the massive inner doors of walnut, with glass panels draped with lace, with huge silver knobs, and a feeling almost of

"Oh, Uncle Hiram, Mrs. Marion does not live here? I'll never be able to suit her-never n the world "

Uncle Hiram smiled encouragingly as he led "You'll find Mrs. Marion very easy to get along with, indeed. Ah, Titus; just show us in the reception-room, will you, and tell your mistress we're here?"

For a tall, liveried footman had opened the door and bowed to Mr. Wingate respectfully.

It was a perfect little bijou of a room into which Lily was ushered—an octagonal room, with windows draped in blue satin and lace alternation, with a blue and white velvet carpet on the floor, and furniture so odd and magnificent that Lily wondered if it was for actual

"Oh, Uncle Hiram, it's just like fairyland,

Her delighted, awe-struck whisper amused him, and he was laughing to his heart's content when a stout, comfortable, elderly lady came to me? n the room, with lovely gray puffs and wearing a beautiful steely pearl silk dress.

"Hiram, my dear! I am so glad you're back away. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike again! And this is one of poor Mary's girls, her

'Marion, my dear, I am glad to be home. Yes, this is Lily Dalzell, our niece. Lily, kiss with Mr. Dent. And, bewildered, Lily obeyed, while Uncle

'You see I was determined I'd bring one of you home, and Marion and I arranged the litle test before I went. We earned our money by hard work and economy, and we didn't vant anybody to enjoy it who was too fine to follow our example. So you see, Lily, my dear, the 'situation' is a pretty fair one, after ed her lips-perhaps partly from a good intention to keep down her indignation that such all, eh? Twenty dollars a month to spend for

an offer should be made to her queenly, beautiful candy, if you choose, and all the fine things daughter, who had never done a day's work you want, and your carriage to ride in, and in her life—perhaps because of her offended your summers at Newport and a trip to Europe occasionally. Eh, Lily? You'll consent to be "I hardly think Miriam suited to such oc- our adopted daughter, and come into all we've

> And Miriam Dalzell was nearly insane with jealousy and regret at little Lily's good fortune, while Lily herself is happy as the day is long, and for her sake, Uncle Wingate is very good to her mother and sister, who visit her at intervals, but to whom Lily will never again go except very rarely.

For she is the light of the old eyes, whos home she makes so radiant with her presence.

"FAREWELL."

BY HENRY MAXWELL.

Farewell!" The word last spoken
By parting friends—the token
That friendship's ties are broken!
Fare thee well!

Farewell!" 'Tis not of meeting That it speaks! no note of greeting In its sound; but all of fleeting Far away!

Farewell!" There's naught redeeming In the word! It has the seeming Of a cloud with darkness teeming O'er our way! Farewell!" What depths of feeling, Mocking all the soul's concealing, Struggle forth to their revealing, When we say:

Farewell!" The word last spoken By parting friends—the token That friendship's still unbroken! Fare thee well!

A Girl's Heart:

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING

BY RETT WINWOOD. AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS." ETC.

> CHAPTER XVI. A WOMAN'S COQUETRY.

THAT same evening, just as the early dusk was beginning to shroud the landscape in its purplish glooms, Grace Atherton sat at her

chamber window, leaning over the sill. Her face looked flushed. She was eagerly watching and listening, with her brillian eves fixed upon a single spot in the shrubber

The syringas parted presently, and a young man stepped out into the path. He was a very handsome fellow, blonde-bearded and yel-low-haired. He had a tall, well-knit figure, and the muscular arms and limbs of a young

athlete. He gazed anxiously up the path for a mo ment, as if expecting somebody to come down from the house to meet him, and then, dropping his head dejectedly, sprung into the

creen of bushes again,
Grace had drawn back from the window soon enough to avoid being seen by him; but not before she had sharply scrutinized both form and feature.

"I am not mistaken," she muttered. "It the same mysterious stranger who met Rachel in the garden the night when she first came to Fairlawn. He has come back in the hope of seeing her again.

Grace knitted her brow thoughtfully. had been waiting for the last fifteen minutes for a good view of the dark figure she had seen creeping in and out the shrubbery, in the bushgreen garden, by the merest accident, a little while before.

eyes deepening almost to black.
When the opportunity came at last, she "You're the sort, Lily! Now, can you be no surprise at the discovery she made. When the opportunity came at last, she felt up and off early in the morning? Because, if never once occurred to her that she might you'll take the same train with me, I'll see you be mistaken. She had seen that figure only safe in your new place and introduce you to once before, and then in the somber gloom

of course it was all settled that evening that
Of course it was all settled that evening that
After a moment's deliberation, she rose,
After a moment's deliberation, she rose,

"I will keep tryst with your lover in you steal, for this time, my beautiful Rachel, she thought, a half-cynical smile curling he "It would be scandalous for trothed young lady like yourself to go about meeting strange men in all sorts of places

She walked rapidly toward the spot where she had seen the handsome stranger. tread was light and noiseless as that of a spirit As fate would have it, she met the man face t face, just as he had stepped into the path to another observation

He recoiled, growing very red in the face. He seemed surprised and confused at seeing a beautiful young lady standing there, lookin at him with such a pretty air of assumed be

"I beg your pardon, miss," he muttered apologetically, raising his hat to her. "He is superb—a perfect Apollo," thought ace. "Rachel's infatuation no longer puz-Grace.

Aloud she said, with a pretty air of blended dignity and courtesy:

"Were you going to Fairlawn?"
"No, miss," he answered, hesitatingly.
am a trespasser on these grounds." 'Perhaps you were looking for some one?"

He bowed, walked on a few steps, and then turned back again. 'I was looking for some one," he said. 'Perhaps you can help me. At any rate,

wish to trust you. One so beautiful would not betray me. She dropped her bright, dark eyes, and made

Whom do you wish to find?' "Miss Clyde

"Rachel?" she exclaimed, with a well-affect "Yes, Rachel Clyde," he returned, eagerly 'You know her?—you are her friend?"

"I was sure of it. I am very anxious to see her, but for certain reasons, cannot ask for her at the house. Will you send her here

Certainly, if you wish it."

"Dear me! I had forgotten!" she exclaimed, in well-acted dismay. "Rachel is out driving

She uttered the falsehood so glibly that the young man never thought of doubting he "Driving with Mr. Dent?" he echoed. "That

is strange—very strange indeed."
"I do not think so." She was laughing softly. He looked at her Why not?" he queried. "Of course you know they are betrothed

He started a little, and then burst into a "Rachel and Mr. Dent lovers? No, I did

not know it. Perhaps you will tell me next that oil and water have assimilated." Grace drew herself up haughtily.

"You doubt my word, sir, but I have told you the truth. If they are not lovers, they ought to be, for they are to be married in less than two weeks."

"You seem to delight in echoing my words, I really wish you would not.

Glancing up at him swiftly, she saw that he had grown ghastly pale. One of his clenched hands was uplifted, shaking wildly in the

"Married?" he said again. "You are trifling with me. Rachel marry that man! Ah,

just heaven!" 'Why shouldn't she marry him?" said Grace,

tartly. 'Why? Good God!" He stood writhing and quivering. Some-thing in her face seemed to strike sudden conviction to his heart. He turned upon her al-

"Is this thing true you are telling me?" he demanded As true as the gospel," she made answer.

A groan broke from him. He covered both hands over his face, a moment, and then re-

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a hoarse bice. "I had no right to doubt your word." "You had no occasion, at least." "But this is such a terrible thing for me to believe—" He stopped suddenly. Overpow-ered by the emotion that wrung his soul, he

caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.
"Dear lady," he cried, "tell me everything. I would know the worst. Do you know why Rachel consented to wed that man?" 'Because he is rich, and she is poor, I sup-

'No. no! You are very wide of the truth It was not that—it was not that. I think I see it all. She meant to sacrifice herself to thers. She meant to sacrifice herself to me! He stopped to wipe away the clammy drops

that had broken out on his forehead.
"She shall not do it," he went on, fiercely. That villain, that thrice-accursed villain has driven me a step too far! He shall yet pay early for all this wrong and treachery Then he flung her hand rudely, violently

from him, swung on his heel, and darted like a madman into the shrubbery Grace felt frightened and puzzled. She had een something awful in the man's face before he left her so abruptly—a dark, vengeful ha-

tred that made her shudder What had she done? Too late she regretted bitterly her careless words—her silly artifice to arouse the jealousy of this handsome stran-Murder might come of it, and if so, ould she ever hold herself guiltless?

Thoroughly alarmed, she turned and fled

ecipitately toward the house. Mrs. Heathcliff met her on the terrace steps.
"Oh, mother!" she moaned, throwing herself, panting and sobbing, into the perplexed oman's arms.

Mrs. Heathcliff gently sought to soothe her. "My poor child, what bas happened? Why are you so disturbed? Try to tell me, and to Grace shivered from head to foot. She was

really very much frightened. She feared some terrible calamity would follow her idle "I have been so foolish, so culpable," she

cried. "I can never forgive myself."

Then, in answer to her mother's questions, she related the scene that had transpired in the 'That poor young fellow was nearly frantic," she said, in conclusion. "If he meets Mr. Dent, there will be blood spilled between

Mrs. Heathcliff had stood leaning against the iron railing that protected the steps. Her face white, and a wild look of terror showed itself in every feature.
"That man—the stranger," she muttered,

'Tall and handsome, with a blonde beard-' And wonderful vellow hair?

Yes, the most beautiful hair in the world Mrs. Heathcliff hid her face, and slowly fal-

"It is he!" Grace caught the words. "Who is it?" she No answer. "Who is it?" she cried, again. Mother, you know that man! Why will you

Mrs. Heathcliff brought the color back to lip and cheek by a powerful effort.
"Hush, child," she said, harshly.
"You are

mistaken. I know no more of him than you Grace shrugged, coughed, wiped her beautiful eyes, and said, after a pause: 'Mr. Dent was not in the house an hour

ago. "No. Has he returned?"

"You don't know where he is?" "I was sure of it," clasping her hands, and looking scared. "He must be in the grounds, and might meet the stranger at any moment." 'True," returned Mrs. Heathcliff, knitting

er brow thoughtfully. "It must not be permitted. I tell you murer will be done!" "Who is to prevent it?"

"You-and I-" answered Grace, hysterical-"Come down into the shrubbery with me. You must come. I cannot rest until I have found Mr. Dent or the stranger "Humph!" sneered Mrs. Heathcliff, but her

lips were colorless, and she offered no opposi-They slipped noiselessly into one of the nearest paths. Twilight had deepened rapidly.

It was now quite dark in the shaded walks out a gibbous moon hung in the western hea-They had not proceeded far when the report of a pistol, at no great distance, rung out sharp

and shrill on the quiet air. Grace heard it, and uttered a wild, wild "Too late-too late!" she screamed. "Oh, my God, what have I done? Then she fled precipitately in the direction

rom whence the sound proceeded.

CHAPTER XVII. THE PISTOL-SHOT.
THAT same evening, and about the sam our, Rachel was wandering by herself in the

more remote grounds.

She had stolen forth quietly. She did not wish anybody—even Colonel Heathcliff him-self—to know she had left the house. By perfect silence in regard to her own novements—and in that way alone—could she hope to escape Mr. Dent's unwelcome atten-

She was to be his wife, her promise had en given already, but she meant to enjoy her freedom away from him as long as possi

It was a beautiful night-calm, cool, odorous with the balmy breath of summer in its golden prime breathing softly upon her cheek. Bordering on the remote grounds was a small lake, and having reached its shore she at down on a fallen log that lay drifted across the vellow sands, to rest.

Somebody came up behind her, presently, She heard the step, but sat quite still, with a wildly-beating heart. She would have known among a thousand.

Nearer and nearer it came—a slow, weary step that had no life or elasticity about it. It aused an instant, less than two yards away, there was a sudden exclamation of surprise, and then it bounded close to her side.

The cry came straight from a breaking neart. She felt herself clasped in the embrace of two warm, loving arms. Hot kisses were showered on lip and cheek.

She knew it was Dr. Tremaine who held her thus. But she had no strength to resist him. Heaving a long-drawn sigh of relief, she rested her head on his great, heaving chest, and for a

rapt tones. "At first I meant to pass you

ot-I could not.' He kissed her over and over again, while she ay passive in his arms, like a weary child.

passive, scarcely breathing, in fact. this blissful moment will help me to endure the coldness and indifference with which you may greet me the very next time we

His eager, pardonable words called her to erself. She writhed out of his arms, and turned as if to fly.

"God help me!" she moaned. "You must let me go. I am the promised wife of

neld out, and his great, burning eyes—eyes so full of love and despair and mute appealfixed steadfastly on her face.

"This is madness," she murmured.
"It is destiny," he answered. "We were neant for each other. Dare you deny it?" She could not. She stood palpitating and trembling; her strength, her power of resistance

"Go away," she pleaded, piteously. "You see how weak I am. Mercy!" "Have you been merciful to me?" "Oh, Dr. Tremaine, you do not know—you do not even guess—what I have suffered of late.

Rachel." His arms were stretched toward her again. Ah, what a sweet haven of rest they seemed

A fierce temptation assailed her for the moment. She leaned nearer and nearer to the waiting arms, as if drawn thither by some magnetic force. Another instant, and her head would have been pillowed upon his

tol near at hand. It echoed sharply on the still night air. She started up wildly. A single thought seemed to take possession of all her being.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" she screamed, pressing her hands to her head. She would have plunged into the gloom of the shrubbery that bordered the lake, but Dr. Tremaine held her back.

Dr. Tremaine's face shadowed. Who was Dick?" The handsome young fellow he had een with her in the garden, that night? It was some fowler," he said, soothingly.

early the same way it had startled Grace. She nad an instantaneous conviction that some misortune had happened.

"I will go with you, He clasped her hand tightly, and led her into the profound gloom of the shrubbery, where the pale moon helped to light their way, walking rapidly in the direction from whence the

hurried onward over every obstruction, with a fierce eagerness that would brook no delay. Finally they reached an open glade on the other side of the lake, at a little distance from

ped into this secluded spot with a cold and silvery luster. Dr. Tremaine paused an instant, and sought

He saw Mrs. Heathcliff and Grace standing in the center of this glade, bending over some dark object lying at their feet. 'Let me go forward first," he said, almost

harshly. But Rachel gave a wild stare all around, and pushed off his detaining hand.
"No, no, no!" she shrieked, and rushed to-

He saw Mrs. Heathcliff start, and frown darky, as they came up; but she instantly made om for them.

She reeled giddily. She knew there was a dark, still object lying on the dewy grass be-fore her. But she could not look down. She

ing her fingers over her temples. "Who is lying there? Oh, why will you not tell me?" 'It is Mr. Dent!'

She stood as if paralyzed, a moment. Great. lammy drops broke out all over her forehead She tottered, and clung quaking to the arm of

Grace for support.
"Oh, merciful Heaven!" Mrs. Heathcliff stared at her darkly, and luridly, it seemed. The monlight shining on her face, showed how white and stern it

"Rachel-my Rachel!"

moment was happy.
"Thank God for this!" he murmured, in low,

without a word. I tried to do it; but I could

"Oh, Rachel, you are such a puzzle to me," he went on. "Sometimes I am as sure of your love for me as of mine for you. I am at this moment. I know you love me. If you do not, you are either very coquettish or very cruel. Let me clasp you closer, darling. It is happiness to hold you thus. The memory of

"I will not let you go until you tell me with your own lips if you love me."

He was close to her side again, with his arms

was nearly gone.

I have not been mistress of my own actions, even. You must not judge me." "I will not. I will only love you. Come,

to promise, clasped close to that beating

A sound startled her—the report of a pis-

"Dick, Dick!" she cried again. "They have nurdered him!"

"You have no need to tremble so. It is not unusual to hear a pistol-shot in the vicinity." But the report seemed to startle her in very

"Let me go," she cried, eagerly. "I must know the worst. Let me go."

Rapid as was his step, Rachel more than kept pace with him. She breathed heavily, and the water's edge. The pale moonbeams, drop-

to hold back his companion, as they emerged from the shrubbery

ward the little group Dr. Tremaine had no resource but to follow.

"Murder has been done," she said, in cold, "Murder?" echoed Rachel.

tried to do so, and reeled giddily "Who has been killed?" she shrieked, clasp-

"Her work, mother?" cried Grace, starting and trembling. "Hush, oh, hush! You know

"Directly, it may not be. But there was a reason for the fearful deed that has been done.

What was that reason?"
She glared around, from one to the other, but nobody made answer. Dr. Tremaine was stooping over the body, and carefully examining it.

"He is quite dead," he muttered, "The ball must have pierced some vital part, and death was instantaneous. Mrs. Heathcliff heard without heeding him.

A dark flush had crossed her face.

"I must speak out my mind here and now," said. "Jealous hatred was the palpable she said. cause of this murder. Mr. Dent was betrothed to Rachel. She had another lover, a mysterious stranger, who never dared show his face—a tall, yellow-haired young fellow who has been seen more than orce hovering about these grounds. He-"

A bitter moan came from Rachel's white lips. It touched even the heart of Grace. In an agony of remorse and contrition she sprung to her mother's side.

"Don't go on," she pleaded. "For the love of heaven, say no more!" Mrs. Heathcliff was silent a moment, stand-

ing with her mouth firmly shut and drawn down at the corners in a sort of angry perturbation Then she cried out, fiercely

"I will speak! This yellow-haired stranger is the murderer, and should be denounced as such. I here denounce him. He must be found and brought to punishment. "Dick-poor Dick!" gasped Rachel, in faint,

heart-sick tones. The words were forced from her lips in spite of every effort to keep them back. Grace looked scared, perplexed.

'Hush!" she whispered. "Say nothing, do nothing to betray him. Grace looked a ghost herself. She was shaking from head to foot. She felt guilty, miserable. Would this terrible calamity ever have happened if she had held her peace?
"Oh, my God! what have I done?" she

Aloud she said, turning her white face upon her mother:

This is no time for idle accusations. For my sake, if not for Rachel's, be silent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF THE RED TRAIL Mrs. Heathcliff replied with an angry nort. But she had done all the mischief she snort. cared to do at that moment, and could afford to remain silent. Grace's demeanor puzzled her, however. She

could not understand that the iron of remorse had already pierced the proud girl to Seeing the crime and misery she had per-haps, though unwittingly, caused, wrought a sudden and radical change in the haughty

Dr. Tremaine's brow was dark and lower

ing.
"Madam," he said, coldly, "our first duty is to the dead. Afterward we can give more Mrs. Heathcliff caught the tone of reproach

which these words were uttered and bowed stiffly, though with curling lip.
"I accept the rebuke. Now what is to be

He was about to answer, but stopped suddenly, with his eyes bent steadfastly upon the Strange," he muttered. "Here is a trail

of blood leading away from the spot. Stooping nearly to the ground, he distinguished it plainly in the moonlight—clots and smears of blood on the grass and the shrub-bery, looking like dark, unsightly blots in the rtain light, but clearly blood to his prac-

Grace knelt beside him. She groped along the grass. She, too, saw the blood, and one o her hands was stained by it. She wiped it off, shuddering

The trail leads toward the shrubbery," she 'Yes," answered Dr. Tremaine, thought-

"Not from it?" He did not answer, but silently pointed out the perceptible impress of a heavy foot in a bed of yielding moss at the distance of three or four yards. The foot was certainly point ed away from the spot where the corpse was

The eyes of the two met for a moment The same thought had entered the mind of "For Rachel's sake," whispered Dr. Tre-

maine, rising, very white, but uttering no other "For Rachel's sake," answered Grace, in the same low tone, following him back to her

But Rachel had been watching them with great staring, wide-open eyes, full of unut-terable dread and terror. Nothing that had

been said or done had escaped her observa-She crept up close to Dr. Tremaine, took his hand in her own that shook so he could scarce-

ly hold it, and pressed it warmly.

Thank you," was all that she said. It was enough. He knew from that me ment she had caught at his own suspicion, and shared it

Now, turning sharply round, he said: "Go to the house, all of you, for help. will remain with the body. Send three Send three or four men with a litter."

Yes, it must be done," said Mrs. Heathcliff, drawing her scarf more closely, and shiv-"You will have a lonely watch while we are away. Come, Grace."
Rachel lingered behind the rest. Her eyes were burning like two stars in the fearful pal-

lor of her face. "Let me share your vigil," she pleaded. Giving her a swift glance, he replied: No, I am not afraid to remain alone.

His look said:

You must go. It is the only way if you do not wish to call immediate attention to what you and I suspect. She understood him.

"I will go," she whispered, heaving a longdrawn sigh "Dr. Tremaine, 1 can trust you to do what is for the best.' This was all. Mrs. Heathcliff and Grace

ere already several yards away. She ran forward to join them, and the next instant the shrubbery hid the three figures from Dr. Tre-

He sat down beside the corpse, pale and languid, all the weariness and misery he felt showing itself in his face now that the nece-

sity for concealment no longer existed. Oh, how dreary and cheerless the moonlight looked, sifting through the tangled greenness

"God forgive you, Rachel," she said, "if of the wood, lying on the wet and glistening this is your work." grass, and creeping noiselessly over the pallid features of the dead man by his side.

What a vast grave of wrecked hopes the world seemed, with sorrow and heart-break perpetually striding up and down its length like twin-sisters, ever inseparable!

What will the end be, oh, what will the end be?' he rereated to himself, more than once, while that lonely vigil lasted. "Poor Rachel! God pity her!"

Well might he say that! It was, indeed, poor Rachel! His heart bled for her. Every doubt he had ever felt was ineased ten-fold by what had happened. She oved this handsome stranger who had murder d Edward Dent! In vain he tried to think otherwise. The conviction would force itself ome upon his mind. How she must suffer, knowing all his guilt

and wickedness! "Ah, had she only loved me one-half so fondly, how happy I might have made her," he thought, once, and then grew ashamed of

Presently voices sounded in the distance, and footsteps drew near. Four men emerged from the shrubbery, bearing some object be-

ween them. They were the men Mrs. Heathcliff had sent with the litter.

It was a solemn procession that filed along he shadow-haunted path leading up to Fair awn a little later. Dr. Tremaine walked first with his head uncovered, and the cooing night inds lifting the curls from his white forehead. When they reached Fairlawn he had thrown off his heartsick mood, and was his placid, lert self once more.

He took care to send the men in different directions before Mrs. Heathcliff had an opporunity to see them—one for the village doctor, one f r the undertaker, and the remaining two n other errands.

He walked about the house, silent and watchful. Presently he saw a demure little figure n sober drab glide out of a side door opening upon the terrace, and flit like a spirit across the lawn.

It was Rachel. Of course he guessed her errand. 'She is going to look for the murderer.'

He hesitated a moment, uncertain what to to. Then he snatched up his hat and followed

It seemed mean and wrong to be dogging her footsteps like this. But he plunged reck-lessly into the shrubbery. His anxiety would not suffer him to remain inactive. Some harm night come to her.

She paused every now and then to listen, as he drew nearer the scene of the murder. Cremaine was compelled to moderate his peed, and move with extreme caution She did not linger in the glade, but ran on

swiftly, as if frightened, plunging into the bushes toward which the bloody trail had Finally she halted and called in a soft, supessed voice: "Dick, Dick! Where are you, lick?" and then ran on a little further, crying

The second time there came an answer. vas a low moan only, and sounded from a ense thicket at the left. She seemed to know the voice. With a

ut again in the same manner.

nick exclamation of relief and joy, she thrust ne thick branches aside and ran onward. He Dr. Tremaine stood quite still, listening. eard two or three low cries, an eager whisper,

nd then the sound of suppressed weeping. Afterward there was a silence. It lasted so ng he grew frightened, at last, and was preing of the leaves, and Rachel stood before him.

She drew back, erying out sharply. He ould see her whole figure quiver in the moon-

You?" she said, shrilly

"Forgive me," and he held out his hand with pleading gesture. "I saw you steal away om the house, and followed you. I dared not trust you to come alone.' d to catch her breath quickly

r twice. At last she looked up at him.

"Oh, my God!" She sprung forward. aught his hand, raised it to her lips. "

are good and kind and noble," she cried. "You will not betray him, Dr. Tremaine? You will The anguish of her appeal went straight to

'I may be doing wrong; I shall be severely

ensured. But, for your sake, Rachel, I will o nothing to bring the criminal to justice." She covered his hand with her kisses and her She seemed almost beside herself. That is not all," she faltered, after a pause.

We need help—your help. You shall have it.' She met his gaze with an earnest, wistful

'Do you quite understand me?"

'That we need your assistance as a physi-

Yes. This man-your friend-is wound-I suspected as much when I discovered bloody trail in the glade."

'We may trust you—we may depend upon

"Come with me," she whispered, leading the wav into the thicket. Dr. Tremaine followed. On a mossy bank,

She drew a long breath of relief and satis-

where a chance strip of moonlight fell clear and bright, lay the wounded man. His face ooked ghastly, and his beautiful yellow hair fell over his forehead in wild disorder He heard Dr. Tremaine's step, and started

up, glaring at him savagely.
"What do you want?" he demanded.
"Hush, Dick," said Rachel, gliding to his

him if he were not?"

He put out his hand with a low, faint

Excuse me, Dr. Tremaine, if I do not rise o greet you. But you are very welcome, if ou are indeed Rachel's friend and mine (To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

WHEN you have had success and prosperity and social consideration, if your success is turned into defeat, and your prosperity departs, and your social relationships are broken learn how to stand sufficient in yourself without these things. Learn first how to be a man by sympathy, and then learn how to be a man without sympathy.

PRAY.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

When the world seems cold and soulless,
When its shadows darkest fall,
When thy heart is almost bursting
With the weight of sorrow's pall—
When the loves that thou hast cherished
Pass like the sweet flowers away,
And thy home is corpress shadowed— And thy home is cypress shadowed— Think of Heaven, and humbly pray.

If Wealth and Fame, those glittering bubbles,
Have eluded thy pursuit,
If from all the world's vast gardens
Dead Sea apples are thy fruit;
If you are weary of the journey
O'er life's steep and rugged way,
And your tred feet seem slipping—
Think of Heaven, and humbly pray.

Though the world hath many crosses
For your aching heart to bear,
Though you count life's gains and losses,
And deem fortune most unfair—
Though your path is dark with storm-clouds
That obscure the light of day,
If you crave their silver lining,
Think of Heaven, and humbly pray.

Prayer will rend the vail of sorrow,
Lift the heart from out despair;
Prayer will bring you richer treasures
Than the mines of India bear.
Prayer will lighten every burden,
Gild with hope the darkest day;
Prayer will keep thy feet from strayin,
Therefore, ever watch and pray.

Richard is Himself Again."

The Velvet Hand: OR,

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER X. THE "HOG" TALKS BUSINESS.

SUDDEN was the irruption, complete the sur-The dusky forms of a hundred well-armed rriors crowned the rocks of the defile

Armed to the teeth was Velvet Hand, but hat could one man do against a host? And the Indian maid, crouching at his feet like another Samson, he had been betrayed, by woman, to defeat and death; he wondered, oo, that she could be brought to lend herself

such a deception, for gratitude is generally strongest impulse due to the savage breas High on the crest of a lava rock stood the great chief of the McClouds; as proud a kingdusky though his skin and barbarian his pomp—as any Old World monarch of them all.

In his hand he bore a patent breech-loading rifle. The days of savage weapons have long since passed away, and the modern red chief meets his foe armed with weapons of the latest pattern, thanks to the paternal care of a be-nevolent government which provides its "helpless" wards with the latest style of weapon so that they may be enabled to kill game—and

white men—with ease and grace.
"Betrayed to death by you, Water-bird!"
Velvet Hand exclaimed, as, with an undaunted front, he faced the fearful odds arrayed against him. As the bright stars can witness, I am inno

cent!" the girl moaned, evidently deeply afflicted. There was truth in her voice if ever truth spoke in human accents, and the imperiled man

Motionless as statues for a moment stood all

the actors in this strange scene; the savage warriors with brandished weapons in their dusky hands, waiting but for the signal of the chief to spring forward at once to the slaughter of the solitary white, and Velvet Hand, as cool of eye and as steady of nerve as though all this startling, warlike display was but an empty-pageant, "full of sound and fury but signifying nothing.

"You know all, Dr. Tremaine?"

And then a change came over the spirit of the scene; the McCloud chief spoke:

"Let my warriors hold off their hands, and you, bold white chief, throw down your little

"Oh, no!" Velvet Hand replied, quickly "while I live I'll hang on to my weapons You red fellows have the advantage just now but if I must die, be sure I will have company in crossing the dark river!"

The McCloud chief frowned as he listened to

the bold words of the white

And will my brother dare attempt to re sist the braves of the red McClouds in tive hills?" the old warrior cried, lustily Let my brother throw down his weapons and beg for mercy! If he tries to play the wolf, let him not murmur if the red hunters give to him the fate of the wolf!"

"Does the chief think to scare me with words?" Velvet Hand replied, contemptuously Let him talk to the winds, and bid them be still when they choose to blow. Alonesingle man am I, but before you take my scalp, I'll send some of your warriors to their long home. Trust to your mercy? Oh, no! If I must face death, it shall be with arms in my hands and not as a bound and helpless

For a moment the McCloud chieftain seemed undecided; he looked at his red warriors and he looked at the daring white man who so boldly held his ground

As well as any man in the Western wilds he knew how lightly the cool-eyed white man held that precious jewel which men call Life no stranger was he to the story of the pas wherein the desperate white chief had played prominent and bloody a part.

The red McCloud was an acute and wily

chieftain. He had a deep purpose in view in springing this trap upon the white man. Through his trusty spies he had learned of the acquaintance which had been so side. "Dr. Tremaine is our friend."

"Our friend!' he repeated, gazing steadfastly and half-suspiciously at the new-comer.

"Yes, Dick. Do you think I would trust

"Yes, Dick. Do you think I would trust"

formed between the white man and the young McCloud girl, and had seized upon it as a means to lure Velvet Hand into his power.

Acting under his direction, one of the old squaws had suggested to the girl-who had confided to the aged crone her acquaintance-ship with the Cinnabar man—that she could easily pay the debt of gratitude due to the white man by revealing to him a secret "pocket" in the mountain where the precious gold-dust could be procured, and this was the reason why the Water-bird had wished for the interview; but it was all a scheme on the part of the old chieftain to get the white man into his power. The secret "pocket" in the moun tain existed only in the imagination of the old

squaw. The plan had succeeded in every particular, excepting that the McCloud chief had anticipated that the white man would surrender upon seeing the number that opposed him, and the bold defiance of Velvet Hand had surprised

that he had intrigued to lure him to the lonely defile above the McCloud canyon, but he had a far deeper purpose in view.

The bold attitude of the white man, however, did not suit him. He did not desire to treat with Velvet Hand as with a potentate of equal power, but preferred to have him help ess-a prisoner in his hands, and then talk to the McCloud chief does want a squaw

In fact, the wily McCloud chief wanted all ter? the advantage on his side. But it was not to be.

The trick had succeeded; the white was in of the Water-bird?" the defile alone, surrounded by the armed redmen, but he had not surrendered, nor did he intend to. A conflict was not to be thought of, for an

attack would defeat the purpose which the red chief had in view. Therefore, with as good a grace as possible, the McCloud chief prepared to make the best of the situation.

'The Red McClouds would be friends with the bold white chief," he said, with great dig-

Velvet Hand smiled; the idea pleased him. Force had failed; the chief would now try cunning.

"No man in all the great north land would the warriors of the McCloud sooner call bro-ther than the white chief who is as brave as the bear, as cunning as the beaver, and as wis as the owl," continued the old warrior. "In the mind of the McCloud chief lives the past. He remembers his brother when he was the great chief of the Shasta nation and wore the war-paint of the red-man. His white brothers do not treat him well; why does he dwell with them in their lodges up the river? Why does he not make his home with the red-men in the mountain wilderness? The Shastas are no longer a great tribe, but the McClouds are the lords of all the northern land; the Red Mc-Clouds will be glad to welcome so great a warrior as my brother, and they will do him

And then the old chief waved his hand. Instantly the signal was obeyed, and like magic the savage warriors vanished, each separate brave sinking to his covert amid the rocks with ghost-like celerity.

Then down from his lofty perch the old warrior stepped, and, casting his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he advanced directly to the little level spot where Velvet Hand stood.

The Indian girl rose to her feet as the old warrior came on, and, stepping back a few paces, surveyed him with a curious look upon ner pretty face, for the young squaw was pret y, despite her dusky complexion and the unmistakable Indian cast to her features.

Koo-choo halted in front of the white, and his black glittering eyes peered curiously first at Velvet Hand and then at the girl.

"My brother is a great brave—a cunning one, too, or else the Water-bird would never have flown from her wigwam to meet Does my brother know that Hula-ha-ha is the daughter of Koo-choo, and that she shall be the squaw of the white man if he wishes her?" This was business with a vengeance.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE "HOG" WANTED. THE maiden modestly cast down her eyes, but the look of joy upon her face told only too plainly that she would be no unwilling

Velvet Hand glanced at the girl for a moment in his odd, peculiar way, while the old chief watched him, eagle-eyed.

Then the white turned his attention to the McCloud warrior.
"You do me too much honor," he said,

"What am I to do for you in re-The chief drew himself up proudly. "The McCloud warrior does not sell his daughter!" he exclaimed, in haughty dignity.

'He gives her to his white brother; that is 'And yet, if you desired a service at my ands I should feel bound to comply," Velvet

Hand saggested, shrewdly.
"Ah, that is another matter," the old chief aid, his dark eyes flashing with a cunning light, then he beckoned the white to a spot ittle remote from the one where the girl was "The McClouds are jealous of the standing. white men in the valley," he continued, cau-"Their lodges grow too fast; some day the red warriors will take the war-path and drive the gold-diggers away.

Velvet Hand shook his head sadly 'Has the chief forgotten the fate of the afraid that the pale-face was "playing it" astas?" he asked. "It is useless to try to upon him, to use the term common to the wild drive back the whites by force. It cannot be

"Then my brother would not join the Mc-Clouds if they took the war-path against the

white men? 'Not if he took the Water-bird to sing in old warrior continued. "It is good!" his wigwam?"

'Why not?" "Because the attempt is useless and would only end in the destruction of your tribe." The old warrior nodded his head, sagely 'So the great chief of the McClouds thinks

and when the Modocs talked of the war-path he said, 'No,' just as my brother has said. Are the Modocs dissatisfied?" asked Velvet Hand, astonished at the intelligence Yes; their treaty is all lies; no blankets

But they are only a handful.' 'In the lava-beds they will fight like the old mountain-bear fights for her cubs. "Let them fight, chief, but you and your tribe keep out of it," the white cautioned.

The old chief grinned. "Talk fight much, maybe, but no fight. Will the chief take the Water-bird?"

And what must I do for her?" Hand was evading the question.
"Not much," and the old chief looked inuisitively in the face of the white as if he ather hesitated to commit himself further.

But what, chief, what must I do?" "The white chief will do it? Let me know first what it is. It was diamond cut diamond between these

quaw in all the McCloud nation. She is a fine girl," the white assented "She is as dear to the heart of the chief as the little stars to the sky, but for the sake of his white brother the McCloud warrior gives bird, the dusky beauty turned a deaf ear to his

'The Water-bird is a fine squaw-no better

"It is only right that my brother should do mething for so fine a squaw; many a young the mark," said the old, scarred faced chief; he omething for so fine a squaw; many a young brave in the McCloud nation would give

sententiously his white brother to buy her; he gives her own tribe? Why should she seek to mate with

twenty ponies for the Water-bird.

Koo-choo, the Hog, meant business; it was not merely to take the scalp of the white man asks is a favor."

"Exactly, and that favor is—"
"The great chief of the McCloud nation is a lonely man; his wigwam is empty," said the old warrior, impressively, and bringing his

greasy face close to the ear of the white man.
"Ah, I understand; you want a squaw?"
"My brother speaks with a straight tongue; 'And you desire my assistance in the mat-

The chief nodded. And in that way I am to requite the gift

Again the old warrior nodded assent. 'And the squaw—who is she?'

She is a white squaw." 'I supposed so."

Well, what of it?"

"My brother once owned the mine in the white lodges up the river called Cinnabar."

Velvet Hand could hardly restrain a start of

"The bad white men took from my brother what was his; he made them pay dearly for it, but he never got it back again."
And now it was Velvet Hand's turn to

'My brother can help the McCloud chief to his squaw and at the same time be revenged upon the chief who has the mine." 'Oho! I think that I guess the squaw you

mean." "She rides the spotted pony. The truth was out now; the greasy red butcher, the brawny old chief of the McClouds

had cast his evil eyes upon the dainty Californian girl, Blanche del Colma! The old warrior had watched the face of the white with an eager eye, but not a single movement of the muscles rewarded his scrutiny. The face of Velvet Hand was a face of

wax as far as betraying his feelings was con-My brother will help me?" the old red-skin

"It will be difficult," the white responded, gravely. "It is difficult to tear the Water-bird away from the young braves of her nation," the old chief responded, "but for the sake of his white brother the great McCloud chief has done

"And if the chief should get the white squaw the white warriors would follow and tear her from him; the white squaw might eost the best blood of the McCloud tribe.

The old heathen shook his head and a cun-

ning expression appeared upon his bronzed 'The chief will hide the squaw away; there's many a defile in the mountain where the foot of the pale-face has never trodden. My brother shall lead the squaw into an ambush, the red chiefs will seize her and carry her to a lonely canyon where a bird alone can track

Who then shall say that the warriors of the McCloud know anything of the white squaw?" Velvet Hand laughed—a bitter, sarcastic

laugh.
"You put vengeance right into my hand, eh, chief? The brother holds my property; the sister I steal and give to you. Why, it is as easy as rolling off a log!"

'My white brother consents, then-he will do the red-man's bidding?" exclaimed the Mc-Cloud, in great glee. "why, it is not in mortal man to refuse such an offer," Velvet Hand answered, "but it

will take time. Yes.

"I will send you a message." "Yes; will you take the squaw now?"
"No, let her wait for me with her tribe. After I put the white squaw in your hands will be time enough to claim her. Let one of your braves watch this spot by day and by night in readiness to receive a message from

it shall be done." "And till then farewell, and as I keep my promise so keep you yours.

CHAPTER XII.

A STARTLING PROPOSAL. "THE white chief speaks with a straight tongue and the red-man is satisfied," said the old warrior, although, to relate the exact truth, the wily savage was far from being satisfied with the ambiguous giving out of the

Cinnabar sharp. The white man had not refused, neither had e accepted, and the Red McCloud was sorely

But there was no other course open to the red-skin than to appear satisfied even if he was The McCloud girl will wait with her people

until the great white chief comes for her," the But, it was not good, and Koo-choo, the Hog. was not the only chief in the McCloud nation who was to have a say in the matter, for the moment the old warrior finished his speech, forth from the line of red braves stepped a

young but brawny chief. Little Horse he was called, and as a warrior

he stood second to none in all the nation 'Koo-choo, the Hog, is the great chief of the red McCloud; Hula-ha-ha, the Water-bird, is his child, and it is his right to say to whom he will give her, but the warriors of the red Mc-Cloud are not children that he shall say to but old ones cut in two; their meat and flour them: 'This is a great white chief; bow down and obey him.' What red chief of our nation gains the right to braid the eagle-plumes in his hair and call himself a brave until he has proved his courage and skill? Why should the great McCloud chief seek a husband for his daughter in the smoke of the white lodges, when amid the hills of Shasta there are red warriors as brave as the mountain lion and as wily as the wild-cat?"

> And then before the old chief, who was totally unprepared for this demonstration, could collect his thoughts to reply, forth stepped an-A brave of middle age this time, and as ugly a customer as the eye of mortal man had ever

savage line at these bold words.

A little hum of approval went round the

The One-eved Crow he was called, and his reputation as a warrior was great, but a more bloodthirsty ruffian never stepped foot upon a war-trail. Little wonder was it then that when he came a-wooing to the dainty Water-

"Straight as the eagle darting upon his prey had suffered the loss of an eye in early youth, hence his name. "There are as great warriors in the McCloud nation as can be found upon the 'She is worth much," Velvet Hand said. solid earth. Why cannot the daughter of the "And yet, the McCloud chief does not ask great McCloud chief select a husband in her the false white men who have stolen the land of the red chiefs? Is this pale-face a greater brave than can be found in the red McCloud nation? I for one deny it! Let him prove that he is a better man than the McCloud warriors can boast before he seeks to take the fairest jewel of the tribe for his squaw.'

Again there came a hum of approval from the lips of the red-men, and the wily Koo-choo saw that this demonstration was one not to be

As for the Cinnabar man he saw himself placed in a most unpleasant position. It was very evident that these two bold-speaking war-riors meant "business." If he wanted the red maiden they intended that he should not get

her without a struggle.

Now when it is considered that he hadn't the slightest idea of forming an alliance with the dusky daughter of the red McClouds, and that he had merely temporized in the matter so as to get out of the predicament in which he so unexpectedly found himself, with as little difas possible, to become involved in a quarrel with two red warriors was far from

As brave as any mortal living was the cool, keen-eyed man of Cinnabar; utterly reckless too, of his own life, caring but little whether he lived or died, having but few ties to bind him to the world; yet to enter into a life and death struggle with these envious red chief tains solely for the sake of a woman who was no more to him than any other dusky damsel of the woods was utterly ridiculous; but, how to escape from the embarrassing position was a

True, he might openly declare that he did not want the Water-bird, and simply declined the honor of the alliance which old Koo-choo the Hog, had arranged for him; but, in that case there was little doubt that the baffled chief would raise the war-shout, and that, instead of encountering the two warriors, he single-handed, would have to fight all the savhost.

As to the McCloud chief he was not sorry that affairs had taken this sudden and unexpected turn. The white man would be force to declare himself. He must either fight for the girl, thus practically accepting her, or else decline the alliance altogether, and in this lat-ter case the old red butcher mentally promised himself the pleasure of "lifting" the scalp

of his esteemed white brother on the instant But, the old chief wished Velvet Hand to ac cept; he coveted the fair Californian girl, and he believed that he could easily secure her through the aid of the white man. He therefore determined to force Velvet Hand into the

"The ears of the great McCloud chief are always open to the words of his warriors," began the old scoundrel, gravely. "He cannot blame the McCloud warriors that they are angry at the thoughts of the Water-bird leaving her people to sing in the lodge of a pale stranger. The white chief is a great brave: moons ago he fought the warriors of the red McClouds and brought sorrow to their wigwams. Koo-choo knows it, and therefore is he satisfied to receive the white man as a son-inlaw; he is proud to have so great a chief wed a daughter of the McClouds, just as long ago he wed the queen of the Shastas. But, it is only right that my braves should call for deeds as well as words. The white chief wants the McCloud girl-he will fight for her with any brave of the nation who cares to challeng him, and I, the great chief of the tribe, will see that the fight is fair. Is it good?"

A very emphatic grunt came from the lips of the red warriors. This sort of thing was exactly to their liking; and then, too, there was hardly a man in the savage ranks who doubted that the white man would be beater in the struggle. The young chief, The Little Horse, was as fine a brave as the McCloud tribe could boast; and, as for the ugly, scarred-faced One-eyed Crow, deeds of blood were so heavy on his head, that there was not a red butcher in the nation, Koo-choo, the Hog, alone excepted, who could boast a bloodier record.

Velvet Hand was in for it; there was no escape, and therefore with as good a grace as possible he prepared to "face the music."

'I am ready for the trial!" he exclaimed "Let the red braves who doubt that I am a great chief step forward, and on their heads will prove that I am as good a man as any red warrior in the McCloud tribe." Eagerly the two warriors who had spoken

stepped forward. The Little Horse and the One-eyed Crow,

said Koo-choo, indicating the two. "Vone will encounter the white chief first?" As crafty as he was bloodthirsty was the older McCloud warrior, and he warily calculated that if the Little Horse took the first chance the white man might disable him, and so a powerful rival would be removed, and even if he conquered the pale chief, matters

so the old brave spoke instantly: "Let the Little Horse take the first chance, he said: "he was the first to speak and it is

The young brave eagerly accepted the posi-

Face to face the rivals met "I bear no malice to my red brother,' ob served Velvet Hand, gazing with a keen eye at the intelligent and pleasing face of the young McCloud warrior. "It is merely a question between us as to which is the better man. We need not seek each other's liv s; let us lay aside our weapons and with our bare hands muscle against muscle, struggle for the mas

The young warrior accepted the condition, and soon, stripped of all useless incumbrances, the two faced each other. (To be continued -commenced in No. 380.)

The Giant Rifleman:

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions. BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"BICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN."

THE blow that felled Frank Ballard to the earth was not a fatal one. The rubber-hood drawn over his head had saved his life, no doubt; for it broke the force of the blow and he was only stunned. But when he had recovered, it was with a violent pain in the head, and a thousand horrors flitting through his brain. He found that he had been lying partially in the water's edge, and, in fact, was seated in the water when he recovered consciousness. How he had come there he knew no more than if he had never existed until that but out before him he could see the moonlight falling on the river.

With an almost dizzy brain he endeavored to study out his situation. Vague glimpses of the past flitted and flashed in painful mockery before his mental vision; but, aided by the roar of the rapids, he finally succeeded in gathering the links of his shattered memory. All the past, up to the moment it had been so sud-denly and violently blotted out, burst upon his mind, causing him to start with fear and hor-His first thought was of Edith; and he ror. started up calling her name; but there was no answer. He glanced up at the moon, and seeing the night was far advanced his heart sunk within his breast. When he discovered that his rubber suit had been taken from him. grave fears took possession of his mind; for something of the real truth flashed through his perturbed mind. He became sorely anxious to hear from Edith, and had resolved to cross over to the island just as he was, when a voice cried out: Stand!

Frank, standing bolt upright, turned his face oward the unknown, who stood concealed in

"Who are you?" the voice again demanded. "Frank Ballard," was the answer.
"Murderer!" hissed the unseen. A chill crept through Frank's heart.

I am not a murderer," he replied. "You betrayed the confidence of my sister,

and then attempted to kill her." Whom do you mean; Edith Mount?" asked Frank

"Yes," was the reply.
"You are mistaken," replied Frank, speak ng with the candor of innocence; "I was go ing to the island with Edith when some devi beat me down and having stripped off my cloak flung me into the river. have I lain for-well, I can't tell you how I recovered but a few moments ago. This, sir, is the God's truth; and I have a welt across my head big as a man's arm to bear witness to what I say. Do you believe what I

tell vou? "I believe you, sir; your story corresponds exactly with Edith's supposition; and I came over here to hunt for your dead body," replied

"Then Edith is not dead?" "No; but she is severely wounded. The de-non that came to the island in your place shot

Can I see her?" Frank asked. "Not to-night; she must rest. When she learns that you are alive she'll rest easier. At first we thought you had done the shooting; but a calm, second thought convinced her to the contrary."

Frank groaned in spirit, turned and sat

"Good-evening, Mr. Ballard," said the peaker in the shadows; then he advanced to the water's edge and was soon moving across the wire-bridge toward Castle Island.

Frank arose, bathed his aching head, and then started back to camp where he arrived about an hour before daybreak. His friends, who had passed over a restless night in conse quence of his prolonged absence, were surprised by the look of pain upon his face; and at once inquired after the cause.

Frank sat down and told them all about his night's adventures, concealing nothing of the mysteries of Spirit Rapids and Castle Island. Well, by the witches of Salem!" exclaimed Old Wolverine, "did you ever dream of sich things?"

Goliah Strong seemed wonderfully sur prised by the young bee-hunter's story; and many were the expressions of surprise that passed between him and Old Wolverine in regard to the matter.

Daylight at length came, and with the first streaks of light, Wolverine shouldered his gun and set off in search of game for breakfast. In the course of an hour he returned with two fat young wild-turkeys, which he at once dressed in true hunter style, and arranged be-

fore a fire to roast.

Meanwhile, Goliah Strong and the bee-hun-I gone down to a little purling stream hard by and made a thorough ablution, which strengthened their bodies, invigorated their blood, and sharpened their appetites.

When they returned to camp the turkeys were done to a crisp brown, and ready to be served. All ate with avidity-particularly Frank, who declared he was never so hungry in his life, and that the turkey was the most delicious game he had ever tasted.

After their meal they made no move toward continuing their journey. For some reason or other, Goliah Strong and Old Wolverine concluded they had better remain there in camp a few days. They gave no reason for this inactivity; and since the bee-hunters were in no ways concerned about the Unknown Marksman, they did not insist on any explana

As the day advanced Wolverine again took would be no worse than they were at present, his rifle and dogs and went in search of game. Goliah Strong seated himself at the foot of a tree and taking a slip of paper from an inner pocket busied himself for more than two ours looking over it. Ed and Frank noticed that he studied it with contracted brows, as hough it contained some profound problem: out it was with a look of disappointment that he finally folded the paper and carefully re-

placed it in his pocket. Thus the day wore away and night again set in. Ed and Frank laid down to rest; Old Wolverine left camp and went scouting in the direction of Spirit Rapids. Goliah Strong alone remained seated by the camp-fire and when as sured that his companions were asleep he took out that same paper and again began its study. Frank, who lay with his head partially cover ed with his hat, slyly watched the giant hu He could not sleep, for he thought the two hunters were acting rather queerly. He did not know what to make of their conduct and, feigning sleep, determined to watch their

Goliah pondered and grimaced over the paper for hours, and would have probably continued so all night, had Old Wolverine not re turned

"Make anything out yit, G'liar?" the wolfhunter asked, as he leaned his gun against tree and removed his accouterments.

"Not a thing," Goliah replied, with a frown that denoted his vexation; "it is just like confusion, with footing enough to lead one on deeper and deeper into its tangled mazes."
"Hav'n't you showed it to the boys, yit?"

"No; I thought I would work on it to-night, and then, if I couldn't figure it out, I would turn it over to them," replied Goliah.
"They might fetch it, G'liar," replied Wolverine; "for I tell ye them boys are long-

"I'll let them into it to-morrow," declared Goliah. Wondering what secret existed between the hunters, in which he was soon to become a confidant, Frank Ballard went to sleep, and slept souncly until all were awakened the next It was pitchy dark where he lay, morning by the startling report of a rifle in

Springing to their feet, they saw Old Wolve-

rine standing at one side, with his rifle in hand, while down in the hollow, about seventy paces away, a deer lay struggling in its death-

"We'll have roasted venison for breakfast," announced the hunter "And when we have breakfasted, boys," said Goliah, addressing Frank and Ed, "I have

a puzzle, or problem, that I want you to help "What kind of a problem?" asked Ed. "A financial problem—one worth a fortun to your young friend, Nathan Darrall."

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN SPENCER GETS A "WELT." On the fourth night after the meeting at the Five Points, four men emerged from the shadows of the woods, and paused on the river bank opposite Castle Island. They were all well armed, which was evidence of their being upon the trail of the dread Unknown

One of them was Randolph Spencer; another James Trimble: the other two were him

"Right here," the captain said, as he paused near the foot of the rapids, "is that co oridge of which I was telling you. You will all have to use extreme care in crossing, for only one can cross at a time. A misstep will be your death-warrant." Very well, Cap., you go ahead," said

Trimble Spencer explored along the bank until he had found the hidden bridge, then he reached up and caught hold of the balance-wires, and began picking his way across the dizzy waters

slowly, cautiously. Owing to the darkness of the night, and the rising mist, he was soon lost from sight; but when he arrived on the opposite side, he tele-graphed the fact to his friends by striking upon one of the wires, the end of which was faster ed to a tree.

Trimble was the next to cross; then followed the two lumbermen, and when they were altogether on the island, the captain led the way o the summit of the hill, and paused to give further orders.

"Here we are, boys, on Castle Island," he exclaimed. 'So I perceive," replied Trimble, "and from

the familiar way in which you saunter about one would think you had been here before "Well, what next?" asked one of the imbermen, very impatiently. "I want to lumbermen, very impatiently. "I keep moving, now that I'm started."

"The cabin stands in a deep sink or hollow in the very center of the island," replied Spener; "and I would suggest that we go down and reconnoiter around. The captain led the way down the hill toward the lonely hut of the mysterious people. As it became unfolded from the cover of the

sycamores, a light was seen shining from the window. This told them that the occupants were at home. The four advanced to within twenty pace of the door, then stopped under some trees to

"What now, captain?" asked Trimble "Let us creep up as close as we can, then dash in upon them with drawn weapons," replied Spencer, speaking in a quick, nervou tone, scarcely above a whisper. "Lead the way, Captain Randolph," said

Trimble. The captain moved forward, revolver in hand, and when about ten feet from the door, he gave a yell and bounded into the cabin folwed by his companions. But, surprise and disappointment were all that met them, for not a living soul, except themselves, was in the cabin. A smoldering fire on the hearth lit up the room. This must have been fed with n

did it? As the intruders gazed about the room, they became deeply impressed by the silence and air of mystery that seemed to pervade the

the past hour, but where were the hands that

The house was furnished with all the com forts of a border home. The neatness and handiwork of woman were upon every side. "They must have got wind of our coming and fled," said Trimble, and his voice sounded

hollow and strange to his companions. "It seems to me there's been a funeral bout here recently," remarked Spencer, with a lool that implied more than his words; "but let's to work and search every hole and corner in this house and on the island."

All seemed anxious enough to obey, and in few minutes the house had been thoroughly searched; but nothing could be found of the inhabitants of the place.

Daylight found them still hunting; but in vain. The place was deserted by all save two or three tame deer and a troup of bright-eyed squirrels that trisked about uneasily.

"They are gone," Spencer finally admitted; but they may return; and so I am going to emain here and take them by surprise You'll not catch them napping, Cap.," de clared Trimble; "it is my opinion that the inhabitants of this island, whoever they may be, have friends among us who keep then

"I believe that, Jim: and somehow or other, I can't help suspecting Old Wolverine. He acted queer the other night. Don't you think so?"

'Not any more so than that Goliah Strong "Well, time will tell; if you will remain with me, we will watch here for the return of the folks. I'm satisfied that it's the haunt of the Unknown Marksman, from what I told

Trimble volunteered to remain with the captain; and so the two lumbermen at once took their departure for the mainland. The two partners in rascality remained on the island nearly the whole day, waiting in vain for the return of the inhabitants. Once Trimble noticed his companion walking about

earching the ground in a manner that appealed to his curiosity, and so he asked: "What you hunting, Cap?"
"Oh, I was just looking for a fresh mound -in other words, a grave," replied Spencer.
"A grave?" exclaimed Trimble; "w

should you expect to find a grave here?" 'i didn't know but what some of the folks i 'gone over the hills,' as Wolverine says, and that the others had deserted the island.

Exactly," responded Trimble, and he joined

As the hours wore on, the two finally ascended the hights overlooking the river, and ran their eyes carefully a ong the wooded shores beyond. While gazing across the rapids, Trimble saw a puff of smoke burst from the oushes on the opposite shore; and at the same instant Captain Spencer staggered and almost fell; while the crack of a rifle rung out clear

and distinct above the roar of the rapids.

A bullet had just grazed the forehead of the captain, raising a livid welt from which the blood seemed ready to burst

Following up the course of the bullet, Trim- from her reverie by the sound of approaching

ble found where it had struck a tree, and in a few minutes he dug it out with the point of his cer standing on the bank of the creek, with one knife.

It was a copper bullet!

This discovery sent a chill to Spencer's heart. "By heavens, captain! you, too, have got welt across the head from the Unknown Marksman. We are either proof against his accursed copper bullets, or else he is toying with us as a cat plays with a mouse. Ah, look! do you see that figure gliding among the trees over yonder? 'Tis he—the Unknown Marksman!"

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY. NATTIE DARRALL remained at the home of the old cranberry-picker several days; and in this time he fully recovered from his injuries under the kind and loving treatment of Ida Zane and her gentle-hearted mother. On the sixth day after his advent to their secluded home, he made preparations to leave and reioin his friends. He disliked to inflict himsel upon the good people, for he saw that they were very poor, Yet, out of the generosity of their hearts, they seemed ready and willing to sacrifice their own comfort that their guest Yet, out of the generosity of might be provided for; and so Nattie felt loth to accept of such self-sacrifice in his behalf, since he had but little money to pay them; and even this they refused when he offered it

Ida approached him with a handsome little

sporting rifle and accouterments, and said: "Nattie, I am not going to give you this rifle, but loan it to you, seeing you have none. No one should go unarmed in the woods nowadays. Besides," and a blush stole over her pretty face, "you will have to come back here to return it to me

"Couldn't I send it back?" he asked. 'No, sir," she replied, and a smile wreathed "I will receive it from no one but

'Then I will accept of your proffered loan for the sake of coming back; for the fact of it is, Ida, I hate to go away. Since my adven here, a great change has come over my happiess and peace of heart; and the Blue Marsh and the people dwelling here, will ever stand foremost in my memory. You may think me ery foolish, Ida, for saying so, but since came here I have learned to love, and you are

e object of that love." Ida's head drooped and a crimson flush over-oread her face. Nathan's words had fallen pread her face. upon her ears like the sweet inspiration f a song. Her thoughts ran back over the past. the recalled her last meeting with Spencer, and his definition of love; then she looked into her young heart and asked herself whether or not she loved Nathan Darrall; but whatever answer she found there, she made no reply to Nathan's impassioned words.

Nathan had been encouraged in his confession of love by her remarks concerning the gun; and her silence now, was to him full of the happiest meaning. Instinct, rendered acute by love, told him this.

Having bidden the old folks good-by, Nathan took his departure, accompanied by da, who was to take him across the creek in her boat. They walked leisurely down the green island-slope to the creek, launched the boat and emparked. Nathan took the paddle, and seating himself by Ida on the middle seat, paddled out into the center of the stream, and then let the

boat drift at the will of the current.
"Ida," he then said, "I do wish I lived near the Blue Marsh." "I am sure it is not a very romantic place, she said, her eyes looking up into his and beam-

No; but those around it make it attractive to me_you in particular, Ida. To you I owe my life; you have won my heart, and oh, if my love could only be reciprocated, then could I go away and return with a light footstep and appy mind."
"Nathan, you will ever be welcomed at our

umble hom the maiden replied. "As a friend?"

"As a dear friend."

"Can I never call you by any more endearing name, Ida? Could I not some day have the privilege of calling you my little wife? Ida's eyes drooped shyly, and her lips quivered as she replied:

"Nattie, I do love you, but I could never think of leaving my mother and grandpapa"
"You never shall, Ida!" he exclaimed, in s passion of love, drawing her to his side and imprinting a kiss upon her brow. "It is enough for me to know that you love me. I can wait, for I am but a boy yet. Some day, per haps, our love and our lives can be foreyer

Ida lifted her eyes and glanced away toward the for st as if looking into the future-to that blissful day. But the smile of infinite glory that lit up her lovely, childlike face faded away, and a cloud, whose darkness seemed to vershadow her young heart, settled upon he brow when she caught sight of Captain Spence. oming up the creek.

"Do not build up your future hopes on that, Nattie," she responded, "for they may be blasted. My mother and grandfather wish me to marry Captain Randolph Spencer.' A sigh that almost deepened into a groan es

caped Nattie's lips. 'At first they discouraged Mr. Spencer' Ida continued; "but he is rich and prom ised them a home of plenty; and as they are growing old, and we are very poor, would it right for me to disobey them, Nathan?"

"Ida, this is terrible news to me-a hard uestion for me to answer conscientiously; for while it is your duty to obey your parents, it seems cruel in them to inflict a life of misery on their child by having her marry Randolph Spencer, who I have always heard is a bad man. Talk with your people, Ida, and perhaps they will think better of your happing am a poor boy, with a widowed mother de-pending upon me for sustenance; but I am not only willing to work for you, but for them also. Tell them of our love, and the misery our separation will entail upon our lives. know your mother is too noble and generous hearted to insist upon a life of misery for her child. In a day or two I will come back—ye 1 will return every day, Ida, until I know it is

iseless for me to come again By this time the boat had drifted some dis tance down the creek, and so, dipping the padlle, Nattie sent the craft ashore. As he rose to depart, he took Ida's hand in his, and stooping, imprinted a kiss upon her lips; then earing himself away and leaping ashore, he bid her adieu, and turning, walked rapidly away, his young heart in a tumult of joy and

Tears came into the maiden's eyes as she watched the manly form of her boy lover receding in the distance; and a mental abstrac tion settled over her mind. She had forgotten that she had seen the form of Captain Spence some distance down the creek, until startled

cer standing on the bank of the creek, with one foot on the prow of the boat.

"Good-morning, Miss Zane!" he said, rather sarcastically, as he unceremoniously stepped into the canoe and seated himself; "I hope I find you well; I see you are looking very happy

"Quite happy, indeed," she answered, a little disturbed by his rudeness of manner.
"I should think so," he continued, with a frown, "when you can ride out with a young

adventurer like the one that just left you, and having him kissing you at every turn. "Captain Spencer," she said, a little indig-nantly, "Nathan Darrall is no adventurer—he

"Admitting this to be the truth, what right have you -my betrothed wife-to allow other men such liberties as he took with you?"

"I love Nathan Darrall!" she replied, her yes flashing defiantly, and her lip curling "Love!" he sneered, cut to the quick by her

eply; "well indeed! this is a singular ca out I'm of the opinion that love will not go where sent this time. I shall now insist on you or your mother fixing the day for our narriag

"Mother may, but I will never!"

"Whew! that love of yours for a beggar boy is souring your temper, my little dove; but then we'll doctor that when you become the queen of Castle Spencer. We will now return to the cabin, and have your mother arrange matters at once," and so saying, he took up the paddle and pushed off from shore, and then turned up the stream—the dark cloud of jeal ousy sitting upon his brow—the brow which still blazed the livid track of the Un-

known Marksman's bullet. (To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

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PODDLE SMOKES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A burning shame and so it is Is your tobacco-smoking,
And that thing's got to be dried up;
Now, Poddle, I ain't joking!
With five or six cigars a day
Your purse won't stand the suction,
And as a consequence my bills
Must suffer a reduction.

My language fails me just to see
The way in which you're going,
And if I ouly had the breath
I'd give you such a blowing!
Yet I endure without complaint
Your follies without number,
And you don't care a cent how much
They keep me from my slumber.

You know I've got no words to waste, Yet all I say are wasted;
If I could talk as some wives do My wrath you would have tasted.
Your habits have been bad enough, And awful in a measure;
I'd like to give you some advice If I had breath and leisure.

I'd make you smoke to your content,
But in another fashion,
And then your vile tobacco fumes
They make me fume with passion.
Don't blow your smoke into my face!
You are not—yes, you are, sir!
You'll find there's fire somewhere else
Than there on your cigar, sir.

If I get married after this
'Twill not be to a smoker;
A man thinks little of his wife
Who takes such means to choke her.
The vile tobacco-smell you have
I hate it worse than treason;
I haven't kissed you for a year,
And you know that's the reason.

If I begin upon this theme
I'm sure there'll be no stopping;
If I had the command of speech
I'd set you soon to hopping.
I'll get a pipe and smoke some, too?
Yes, how'd you like the sight, sir?
My mother did? I know she did;
I'll get a pipe to-night, sir.

You earn the money you smoke up?
If you had many a woman
You'd have but little for cigars—
You tyrant most inhuman! If my expenditures were less
Than what they are, I'm thinking
You'd spend that sum some foolish wayPerhaps you'd go to drinking.

You'd go from very bad to worse, Though there is little room, sir, And some day I'll translate my words: You understand what's broom, sir? It nearly kills me, too, to talk,
And if you do not quit, sir,
The stump of a cigar will be
The stump on which we'll split, sir.

Schamyl,

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE

The Cossack Envoy. A Story of Russian Life and Adventure.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

ZISKA HOFFMAN stood at the summit of the ZISKA HOFFMAN stood at the summit of the tower of Ivan the Terrible, and beheld beneath his feet the vast city of Moscow, glittering in the morning sun. Around him rose the spires of minarets of the marvelous cathedral, gleaming with bright gilding, flaming in all the colors of the rainbow. Below stretched out the great city for miles in all directions. He was in the Kremlin, the great palace of the czars, with its grounds two miles in circumference. Near by, the great bells were thundering out their chimes, for it was a feast day—the feast of St. Nicholas.

'Ah, Petrusha," said the traveler, heartily,

"Ah, Petrusha," said the traveler, heartily,
"this is indeed a city worth seeing, and a wonderful palace."
Petrusha only bowed. He never presumed to offer any observations to his new master.
"And now, Petrusha," said the journalist, "where is this Troitsa Monastery that I hear so much about? I have seen the Kremlin and cathedrals; I have seen your grand factories, but I have heard so much about this monastery that I must see that, too. I think we'll drive there to-morrow."

Petrusha elevated his shoulders deprecatingly.

"Ah, Petrusha," said the traveler, heartily, "action of the spy without unclean Petrusha, I think I have thee fast. It may save trouble to blow out thy brains here."

"Mercy, one of noble blood, mercy!" faltered the spy. "I will help your excellency—"
"Tell what I ask you and that's all I want," said Ziska, curtly. "What were General Dragonfisky's orders to you about me?"

Petrusha hesitated.
"Very well," said Ziska, coolly, "I'd just as on shoot you as not, and take the orders from

Petrusha elevated his shoulders deprecatingly.

"I grieve to correct your excellency, but it is
not possible. The monastery is forty miles off.

Your excellency must go by rail." Your excellency must go by rail."

"I have taken a fancy to drive," he said. "I came to Russia to see the country and the people, not to ride in rail-cars. I could do that at home. I shall take a *troika* and get post horses

on the road."

Petrusha shrugged his shoulders again.

"Very well, one of noble blood. There is no law against it that I know of. General Dragonoffsky ordered that you should have all possible liberty within certain limits."

Ziska stared haughtily at the Russian.

"See here, Petrusha," he said, harshly, "when it is quite necessary to speak of General Dragonoffsky's orders, as for instance if I disobey them, you can tell me. When it is not, hold your tongue, or I may take a fancy to go back and see the general about the insolence of his spy. Do you understand?"

Petrusha turned pale. He knew that his orders were very strict to use respect to the man he was watching, and he knew that he had no power to prevent Ziska doing as he threatened. "Pardon, one of noble blood," he stammered.

"I will endeavor to do my duty by your excel-

"I will endeavor to do my duty by your excel-lency indeed. I am at your excellency's orders

"Then come along," said Ziska, more good-naturedly, and they descended the steps and left the Kremlin by the celebrated Spass Voro-ta or "Savior's Gate." Over the great brick ta or "Savior's Gate." Over the great brick arch hung a picture of the Virgin and child, in bright mosaic, with a gold background, and Petrusha took off his fur cap and made a low

trusha took off his fur cap and made a low obeisance before the picture. The American likewise removed his hat, for to do otherwise at the Spass Vorota brings down the police very quickly.

Outside the walls of the Kremlin stretched a broad open space, and about a hundred yards from the place was a great crowd of troikas (Russian sledges) with the drivers all clamoring away in the true Jehu style of all the world.

world.

As the young traveler approached the shouting crowd he glanced his eye quickly over the horses. The animals were stamping and pawing the ground, shaking the bells of their dugas, and all were gayly decorated with colored rib

On the left of the line was a large troika with three black shaggy-looking horses, the only or nament of which was a knot of sky-blue ribbor

at the top of the duga.
"Petrusha, I like the looks of those horses, said the American, in a brisk, decided manner, "There is my troika. Those fellows can take me to Troitsa easy enough before night, for the day is still more." day is still young."
Petrusha looked alarmed.

Petrusha looked alarmed.

"By no means, your excellency. Yonder is the team of bays that brought us from the hotel. It will be impossible for any one team to drive to the monastery in one day. We must use the podovojnaya and get post-horses."

"Oh, nonsense," said Ziska, continuing to walk the strenges troibe." Two beard so much

of holiselse, santziska, continuing to what to the strange troika; "I've heard so much about the speed and bottom of your Russian horses I'm going to try them. Halloa, you, ish coshtshik! how much will you charge to take us to the Troitsa Monastery?" oshtshik! how much will you charge to take s to the Troitsa Monastery?"

He addressed a tall, Herculean fellow with poor devils to do all the work in the tops, when

black eyes and beard and a strong aquiline face, a very different figure from the squat, snub-nosed, Tartar-looking Russians; and the man instantly answered, in broken English; "Very good, English lord. Troitsa, twenty roubles. Good horse, Cossack, never tire. Good."

The man had not been shouting like the rest but had advanced quietly as if only trying to catch the American's eye. Petrusha now interfered with a flood of voluble Russian to the driver, interspersed with English appeals to

'Consider, your excellency, I don't know this man and he may lose your excellency among robbers. I am responsible for your excellency's safety. (Go away, pig of a Cossack, or I'll have you knouted "—this in Russian.) "Let your excellency be persuaded and start in good time to-morrow."

Ziska Hoffman made no answer, neither did the big driver. The American simply stepped into the troika and sunk down amid the white wolf-skins with which it was filled, while the driver jumped up on the box and gathered up

Then Petrusha was thoroughly frightened.

Then Petrusha was thoroughly frightened.

"Oh, one of noble blood, do not trust this man. He is a Don Cossack, a robber of the steppe. He will have you killed."

"Poshol, ishvoshstshik, (Go ahead, driver)," was the only reply Ziska deigned. Then the big driver cracked his whip, and the three black horses started down the wide street to the city gates at full gallop. As they started, Petrusha jumped on behind and stood on the left runner of the sledge, with his teeth set. He shouted no more, but had evidently made up his mind to accept the situation with the best grace he could. Ziska said nothing, and the driver was silent, as they dashed down the street. Ten minutes of such rapid work brought them to the city gates, and then it appeared what Petrusha was about to do. As they came near the gate, which was flanked, as usual in walled towns, by a guard-house, he suddenly climbed into the troika and took a seat by Ziska.

"New cir" he seid savegely dropping all

guard-nouse, he studently cambed into the troisal and took a seat by Ziska.

"Now, sir," he said, savagely, dropping all his respect, "we have gone far enough. Order the driver to stop, or I call the guard."

Then Ziska's whole manner changed of a sudden. He threw up the wolf-skin in front, so as

the threw up the workshift in the hold, so according to cover him up to the chin, with a flap covering Petrusha, hiding his right arm from the view of all but the spy, and Petrusha saw the muzzle of a revolver close to his heart. The American's left arm was around the Russian, drawing him up to the pistol. He said not a word, but his eye gleamed with such a devilish revolved that the say, in spite of his strength. word, but his eye gleamed with such a devilish expression that the spy, in spite of his strength, turned pale and trembled. As he did so they were almost at the gate, the horses going faster than ever. The wild driver waved his lash in the air and shouted out something in Russian as they passed the guard-house, to which the sentry replied with a gay laugh. He and the driver were evidently old friends.

The next moment they were through the gate, out of the beaten track, and skimming over a white sheet of gleaming ice, as smooth as a mir-

out of the beaten track, and skimming over a white sheet of gleaming ice, as smooth as a mirror, the bells jangling so loud as to drown Petrusha's voice, had he dared to shout. But there seemed to be no fear of that. The spy sat as if transfixed, gazing at the muzzle of the pistol, which almost touched his side. He was evidently completely cowed for the time by the sudden boldness and dexterity displayed by the slender young man beside him. So away went the troika over the white field of ice, till they entered a wood of low fir trees, and a moment later Moscow had disappeared from view behind a dense screen of verdure.

Moscow had disappeared from view behind a dense screen of verdure.

Not till then did the wild driver slacken his pace. He pulled up his team till the shaft-horse was trotting and the outsiders were at a gentle canter. Then he tied the end of his reins into a bunch, and made a sudden spring from the box, alighting on the back of the shaft-horse as if he were used to that sort of exercise. With perfect coolness he untied the bells from the duga of the horse and put them in his breast, then, without stopping, jumped back on the box, gathered up his reins and drove on. The progress of the sledge at once became almost noiseless.

utter astonishment of the spy used perfectly good Russian. Then Ziska spoke for the first time, and to the

ot you as not, and take the orders from d body. You have them in the lining

your dead body. You have them in the lining of your coat. Take them out, or I'll shoot."
Petrusha's teeth fairly chattered with fear.
"Your excellency must be a wizard." he faltered. "I will give them up at once."
He fumbled in his bosom, Ziska watching him keenly.

The American smiled in a peculiar manner

and observed:
"Petrusha, I've been in California, and they have a trick there. Drop that pistol!"
There was a bright flash and a sharp little report, as the spy, with a yell of pain, let fall his right arm, shattered at the wrist, and with it pistol he had been trying to draw unob-

The American picked up the pistol, which had allen among the furs, and glanced at it, con-Smith and Wesson, old model, no good,"

he said, coolly.

Then he threw it out of the sledge.

"Now, Master Petrusha, I'll take those paper from you, alive or dead. Do you understand? Petrusha grinned with pain, but he made aste, with his unwounded hand, to open his oat, and handed to Ziska a bundle of papers. The driver, during all this little scene, had not even looked round, except for an instant at the pistol-shot, when he merely shrugged his shoulers, and gave a short laugh. Now Ziska called to him to stop, and he pulled

Master Petrusha," said the journalist, polite "Master Petrusha," said the journalist, politely, "we are now just two miles from Moscow. Get out of this troika and stand over there in front of me on the ice. I want to read these papers, and don't wish you to bother me by trying to take this pistol. You understand? I know you're pretty strong; but, as I said before, I've been in California, and when I get the drop on a man I like to keep it. Get out."

Without a word Petrusha obeyed, and halted in the open, while Ziska Hoffman coolly pro-

in the open, while Ziska Hoffman coolly pro-ceeded to read the instructions of General Dragonoffsky, chief of the Russian secret olice, to the spy set over his own person.
What they were, you will learn next week.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

The Coxswain's Pet.

BY C. D. CLARK.

WHEN I were a blue-jacket, said the old tar. When I were a blue-jacket, said the old tar, Dave Estes—Saltpeter Dave we called him—I didn't know when I were well off. I thought it would be a jolly thing to be free, to live in the foksel of a whaler, and so I lit out when my time was up, and wouldn't ship no more. But you hear me, mates; long as I mean to be a sailor I'm goin' the hull hog, an' when I set my foot in York again I'll wend my weary footsteps to the U.S. shipping-office and when I onct more set. U. S. shipping-office, and when I onct more set my foot on deck of a Yankee man-o'-war, thar I sticks.

It's a nighty easy life, when you come to simmer it down. Fust, you've got a big ship an' room to swing a hammock; next the grub comes

they git short-handed, acause there's always

they git short-handed, acause there's always men enough to do the work.

But, that ain't neyther here nor there. The sloop-of-war Huntress was lying off League Island, waiting for the leftenant commander, an' I was in her, stationed in the larboard-quarter watch, mess number ten, in the foretop, and pulled number two in the captin's gig. We hadn't seen the leftenant yit, but we heerd he was a roarer, that made his mark on the Massasip. We was ordered for China, and only waited the commanding officer afore we sailed, an' byemby he came aboard in a shore-boat, an' brought a little middy with him, as hansum a chap as ever you see with a face like a girl, an' curling brown hair an' sunny eyes. We was all so took with him that we didn't half hev eyes fur the leftenant, a rather youngish man, almost like a boy, but with an eye that meant business.

"Pipe all hands to muster, Mr. Extein!" says

"Pipe all and to built and the commander, as he came up the side. "Stations for getting under way, sir."
You all know how it works aboard a man-o-war. Men don't tumble over one another there, but lays their hands on jest such a spot an' goes to work; an' two hundred and fifty men lay

to work; an'two hundred and fifty men lay heavy on the capstan bars, I tell you, an' it wasn't long afore the anchor was at the bow, catted an' fished, an' away we went toward the sea.

I started out to tell about the coxswain's pet, an' that was Willie Brown, the fourth middy. All the men cottoned to him, but most of all Jack Busby, coxswain of the capt'in's gig, a man that had been in the American navy for twenty years. It seemed to me that Jack couldn't keep his eyes off the boy. When they wasn't on duty you'd be sure to see them snugged away somewhere, the boy standing by the old sailor's knee while he told him stories of the sea, an' made him acquainted with the different parts of a ship an' her rigging, as only the old sailor, too; an' he never seemed to tire of hearing him talk, an' I'll say this much for Jack: rough as he was, I never heerd a word out of his lips to that there boy that mightn't have been sed in a church.

never heerd a word out of his lips to that there boy that mightn't have been sed in a church. We had a good v'yage out, an' one fine morning in June were running through the narrow sea to the north of Java, with stunsel booms out, headed straight for Canton. Jack an' me was aloft splicing a little of the running rigging that had got adrift, an' Willie Brown was in the foretop watching us an' Farnin' his duty. "I don't understand, Jack," says the middy, "how you hav'n't got a warrant office before this."

this."

Jack lung his head an' looked ashamed, but arter a little he spoke up:

"Acause I make too free with the grog-tub, my boy; that's the truth, an' no lie."

"Why do you do it, then? A brave man like you, an' a good-hearted one, ought to be able to conquer his love for liquor."

"It would be mighty hard," says Jack.

"Did you ever try it?" said the middy.

"Can't say that I ever did," says Jack.

"There ain't no one, as I knows on, that cares enough fur an old sailor to give him a word of good advice."

enough fur an old sailor to give him a word or good advice."
"Jack," says the boy, in his sweet voice, "I think you love me an' will do a good deal for me. I'm going to ask you to do this much for my sake. Don't take your grog when it is served out an' never touch it all the trip."

It was a hard thing, mates. There ain't a one of you but knows how a stiff horn of grog cheers a man up when the ice sticks to the rigging, an' every reef-point is an icicle.

a man up when the ice sticks to the rigging, an' every reef-point is an icicle.

"'Tain't easy, my boy," says Jack.
"I know that, Jack: of course it isn't easy, but you'll do it for me."
"I won't promise." says Jack, "acause I ain't a-goin' to lie to you."
"Will you promise to try?"
"Fil do that much; yes, I'll try."
That was all he would say, an' when the grog was mixed that night I looked at Jack to see what he'd do. He didn't touch it, an' the men looked at him in wonder. Some of them had known Jack for years, an' in all that time they never had known him to refuse a drink. When his watch was called Jack went on deck, an' the his watch was called Jack went on deck, an' the young middy came up to him.
"Well?" he says.

"I done it once, for you," he said. "I won't promise to do it ag'in."

But he did, again and again, an' it got noised about that the coxswain was trying to reform. Some of the roughs—we hev'em on board every ship—tried to laugh him out of it, but they didn't run on Jack long; his fist was too heavy! An' when we run into Canton, two weeks after, Jack hadn't touched a drop, an' after we had cast anchor the commander sent for him to the

eabin.
"Busby," he said, "I hear a very good ac

Jack pulled his forelock an' looked pleased. It was the first good word he'd had from a com-

"Yes, my man," said the commander. "I like sober men, an' particularly when they steer my boat. I'll keep an' eye on you an' if you keep it up, an' I think you will, you shall have no occasion to be sorry. You can go."

It seemed to me that Jack was two inches taller when he came out of the cabin, an' he walked when he came out of the cabin, an' he walked

straight up to the middy.
"I've quit," he said; "you may put it downwith a big mark; Jack Busby has taken his last drink of grog."

"Then I've done some good in coming on board the Huntress, Jack," said the middy.

At this moment the bos'n's pipe was heard.

"Gigs away!"
That was our boat, an' we jumped. Up came the old man, in full uniform, an' we pulled him to the flag-ship, which lay at anchor not far away. We stayed in the boat, an' in half an hour the commander was back, looking serious, an' back we went, an' to the surprise of every one the order came to get up the anchor.

An hour later we were running down the

"I wonder what's up, Jack?" I says.
"I reckon it's a fight," he says. "One of the
men on the Flag as good as said we was going
down to bombard the Cochin-Chinese."
An' that was it. An American ship had been

wrecked on their coast, an' they had taken the crew an' captain prisoners, an' the admiral had sent the Huntress down to see about it. A week after, we lay off one of their forts, where the prisoners were, an' sent a flag to de-mand them. They sent us word to come an' take

That meant fight, and a big fight, too. They had two thousand men in the fort, an' there had two thousand men in the fort, an' there ain't any better fighters in China than these men. They are more like the Malays than the Chinese, and we knew that our work was cut out for us. So we got out the boats, an' landed a hundred an' fifty men, on the beach below the fort, covered by the fire of the Huntress, which kept the devils in their works. Every man had two revolvers an' his cutlass, an' though they were fifteen to one, we didn't seem to care. Just as we formed, Jack saw Willie Brown among the stormers.

the stormers.
"Stick by the boats, Willie," he says; "you ain't got no call to go."
"Silence!" cried Lieutenant Extein. "Ready, boys; boarders away!"

Then came the battle-yell of our blue-jackets, an' with a revolver in one hand an' cutlass in the other, we scaled the works an' attacked them. The beggars were so tickled at the idea of one hundred an fifty men charging them, that they never closed their gates, an' half the men charged right up through the gateway, driving the yellow cusses before them like

sheep.

They never see such weepins, an' I reckon they

The cutlass, used by a handy sailor, is bad enough, but the revolving Colts was what bothered them. They had muskets of a rough make, but we was on them so quick they couldn't use them, an' the way we piled them up with the revolvers was just a sin. Most of them ran like men, but four or five hundred of the best ringed around the governor, brought down their long swords, an' charged us.

the pain you are feeling, I could wish that it might last forever!"

"Wouldn't a week or so do?" and the red lips parted with a little, shy laugh. "But I do not see what is to be done, for there are wolves about, and I should die of terror were I left alone. It is not a mile to our house—do you think you could earry me—"

For answer Carter lifted her easily, tenderly. "It must be nice to be a man—you are so

You ought to seen us wade through them!
Jack was everywhere. His revolver never cracked but a yaller Mongol went down, an' when his cutlass hit a man, it just clove him to the chin. We scattered the body-guard, an' Leftenant Extein took the governor with his own hand, when we heard a cry, an' there was Willie Brown in the gateway, hurried along by two big rascals, with half a hundred more all round him.

"Come on, boys!" cried Jack. "I'll says that

"Come on, boys!" cried Jack. "I'll save that boy or die."

The next minnit he was among them, cutting The next minnit he was among them, cutting right an' left, an' had the boy out of their grip, an' the two men who held him under his feet. They turned on him like tigers, and a dozen swords were at his breast at once. But he beat down the blades, an' for a while held his own, covering the boy, who was wounded in the right arm, with his own body. A dozen of us went at them, cutlass in hand, an' scattered them to the four winds; an' then we saw poor Jack on the ground, blood from head to foot, an' Willie trying to raise him.

"Hit hard, my boy!" he murmured. "Saved you, anyhow, an' I don't care for this old hulk.

Then all was still, an' the boy fell sobbing be-

Then all was still, an' the boy fell sobbing be side the silent form of the brave coxswain. We side the silent form of the brave coxswain. We lifted the wounded man tenderly, an' carried him down to the boats, an' on board the ship. For weeks it was touch an' go, for the coxswain was terribly cut up, but at last they brought him round: an' I think it made him well on the spot when Willie put a bos'n's warrant into his hand, given for his bravery in the attack on the fort.

Willie Brown is third leftenant now, an' Jack is bos'n on his ship. An' I think he'd go down among the coal-passers sooner than not be in the same ship with his favorite; an' from that day to this he can pass the grog-tub an' never taste it, an' the young leftenant will never lose the name of the "Coxswain's Pet."

The Outlaw's Wife.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

As the rapid clattering of a horse's hoofs came to his ears, the traveler abruptly drew rein, one hand instinctively seeking the revolver that hung against his hip, his eyes keenly ranging ahead, until the narrow road lost itself among the thickly-growing trees that made a living arch overhead. But the stern-set features relaxed as the rider came in view; as well they might

might.

A woman, young and almost bewilderingly beautiful, despite her plain, homely attire. A face that was purely oval, set in a frame of luxurious curls, black and glossy as polished jet; a face with large, lustrous eyes, with full, red lips, between which could just be seen a gleam of white, even teeth; with skin that seemed living marble, just touched by the warm breath of the summer sun; a figure that was rounded and symmetry itself, that freely followed each motion of the generous bay horse—all this Harry Carter saw at the first glance. It was an afterthought that made him notice the limp sunbonnet that hung upon the woman's back, the might. bonnet that hung upon the woman's back, the plain riding-habit of brown calico that barely reached to the tip of her stout, country-made

shoes.
Straight ahead the young woman rode, only drawing rein as the two horses fairly touched muzzles, for Carter, amazed by the shape his natural fears had taken, made no effort to give the road until the fair vision spoke:

"Are you one of the Youngers or James' boys—or have you established a private toll-gate—"
"I beg pardon, lady," and Carter backed his horse into the edge of the brush, flushing hotly as her low, musical, yet almost taunting laugh rung in his ears. "But to meet an angel where one is expecting a devil, is surely excuse enough for one's losing one's head."

one's losing one's head."

"As a stranger—for none of our country lads
"As a stranger—for none of our country lads
—to the natural curiosities of this region (angels
in sun-bonnets included) you are very excusable.

Good-evening, sir!"
"One moment." said Carter, as she was about

Good-evening, sir!"

"One moment," said Carter, as she was about to ride past him. "Can you tell me how far it is to the house of John Hazelwood. I am a stranger in these parts, and I begin to fear that I have lost my road."

"Squatter John's cabin stands close to this road, not two miles ahead; but whether you find him at home is doubtful. If not, and your business is pressing, you will find the latchbusiness is pressing, you will find the latch-string hanging out; pull it, make yourself at home—the old man will like you all the better

"You know the old gentleman, then?"
"We are neighbors. Once more—good-even-

with a half-saucy nod, the young woman loosened the reins and galloped rapidly away. Carter followed her with his eyes, and even turned his horse's head as though strongly tempted to follow her in the flesh. One quick, backward glance, then the winding road led her beneath his sight. Then—a sharp cry of fear or yond his sight. Then—a sharp cry of fear or pain, followed by the swiftly-receding trampling of iron-shod hoofs.

of iron-shod noots.

Without a moment's hesitation Carter put spurs to his horse and sped down the road, feeling as by instinct that the young lady had met with some mishap. Rounding the curve, he wrenched in his horse, with a cry of alarm. Just before him lay the young woman, like one dead. Her horse had disappeared along the

vinding road.

Leaping from the saddle, Carter stooped over the motionless figure, lifting her head to his breast, brushing the dirt and leaves from her curls. His horse, still smarting from the rankling of spurs, snorted and reared back, turned as upon a pivot and galloped swiftly

away.

Carter dropped the curly head, and instinctively started in pursuit, but only for a few yards. Pausing, he glanced first in the direction taken by his steed, then back to the fair stranger, who now raised her head, a low, almost mocking laugh parting her lips. But as she sprung to her feet, the laugh was cut short by

sprung to her feet, the laugh was cut short by a "gasp of pain, and tottering, she sunk back, her lips white and tightly compressed.

From that moment Carter forgot all about his horse, of the near-drawing night, of everything save the fair sufferer.

Her provoking audacity gone, she faintly replied to his eager questions. Her horse, shying, had thrown her heavily. Her foot had caught in the stirrup for a moment—long enough to severely twist her ankle, and for the brute to kick her twice in the side before dashing away.

"If I only had my horse—" hesitated Carter,
"Perhaps I can walk. It is not very far to "Perhaps I can walk. It is not very far to our house. If you would be so kind—"
Clinging to his arm, she struggled to her feet, and even made several steps in advance, thus supported; but the effort seemed too great, and only for his quickly encircling arms, she must have fallen to the ground.

"Leave me—bring help," she breathed, faintly, her soft cheek pressing his breast, her breath fanning his face. The wolves may not—if you are quick—"

are quick—"
"I will not leave you," muttered Carter, his blood leaping hotly through his veins. "I am strong enough to carry you—if I only knew the road."

"You are so good—so kind!" and the large, li-quid eyes gazed full into his. "I am so sorry to

'I am paid a thousand fold," and there was a burning glow in the young man's eyes that told how truly he meant what he said. "Only for the pain you are feeling, I could wish that it might last forever!"

strong! Please take that path through the woods—it is shorter."

woods—it is shorter."

Without a word, Carter entered the path indicated, and followed it with a quick, steady step, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, under the pressure of the warm, soft cheek. He seemed insensible to fatigue, though at any other time he would have found nine stone of flesh and blood a rather wearisome armful. But with those wonderful eyes occasionally meeting his, that bewitchingly beautiful face in such proximity to his own, he felt not the slightest fatigue, and strode on without pause for nearly half a mile. Nor would he have stopped then, but for sufficient cause.

mile. Nor would he have stopped then, but for sufficient cause.

A tall, roughly-clad man stepped from behind the sheltering trunk of a large elm, and barred the path. The lower portion of his face was hidden by one sun-embrowned hand, clasping a cocked and leveled revolver.

"I reckon you're my meat, stranger!"
Surprised, as indeed he well might be, Carter paused abruptly, his arms slowly relaxing their grasp, as he stared into the muzzle of the revolver.

"You're just the man I've been looking for," added the highwayman, slightly lowering his weapon. "Just pull your weasel and toss it here, then you can git up an' git."

Carter wholly released his fair burden, and clapped his hand upon his hip; but his fingers closed only upon the empty scabbards—his revolvers were gone!

At the same moment the young woman sprung forward, as freely and lightly as though she had never known an accident, and took a position beside the outlaw, one arm around his waist, a mocking smile curling her ruby lip.

In that moment Carter realized how completely he had been dured, and hitter indeed he

waist, a mocking smile curring her ruby ip.

In that moment Carter realized how completely he had been duped, and bitter indeed he found the awakening.

"I owe this to you, then," and his tones were more sad than angry.

"This is the price for my trying to serve you—"

"Carefully, Mr. Carter!" and the outlaw's tones were sharp and menacing. "You owe her more than you think. But for her persuasion you would be food for crows, this very minute. I knew that you had collected a large sum of money, and as I need it badly, I intended to halt you. I knew that you were on the shoot, and, so, plain enough, I should have had to shoot you, to save myself. But my wife said no; and the result, you see. She slipped out your pistols and dropped them in the grass. As I followed—for I have been within ear-shot ever since you two met—I picked them up, and you are welcome to them, after you fork over."

"You have me foul," moodily uttered Carter.

"You can take the money, if you must have it. I will not give it to you."

"Take it, Kate—the left-hand pocket," said

"You can take the money, if you must have it. I will not give it to you."

"Take it, Kate—the left-hand pocket," said the outlaw, coolly. "And you—no tricks. You are a white man, clean through, and I shouldn't like to hurt you. If I didn't really need the money to get out of this country with I'd let you slide, even now. But it can't be helped."

The woman gently slipped her hand into the traveler's bosom, where the large, well-filled pocket-book was clearly outlined. Carter looked full into her eyes, and the hard lines around his mouth softened.

ed full into her eyes, and the hard lines around his mouth softened.

"This is a sad life for one so beautiful as you, lady. I would not regret double the loss of money, if I could only know you were what I thought you, only a minute ago."

"Your opinion matters little to me, while I have his love," was the quiet reply. "I live for him alone—nor would I change places with the highest, grandest lady in the land!"

Carter moodily watched the couple until they

Carter moodily watched the couple until they disappeared, then slowly retracing his steps until the road was regained, he followed it until he reached the cabin of John Hazelwood, who listened with eager interest to his story. When it was finished he simply said: "That man was JESSE JAMES, stranger!"

Ripples.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more

owerful advocate for vice than poverty. TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark; you may know what you are doing, but nobody else

THE Norristown Herald suggests that the guillotine be called into requisition to suppress to get a head of him, that's a fact.

An Oil City mother, whose little son is a bootblack, has been attending the temperance meetings lately, and now calls the boy in the

morning by singing "Arise and shine. A CONNECTICUT farmer threw his lighted cigar into the dry grass, and a conflagration was the result. A farmer smoking a cigar! Next we'll have an organ-grinder in a plug hat.

THE present elevated style of bonnet has the great drawback that a man who sits behind one in church thinks he is hidden from the rest f the congregation, and never puts anything into the contribution-box.

A CANADA woman bit a dog, and the dog

almost immediately died. There has been

such a prejudice against Canada women lately that, in order to get married, they have been obliged to have their teeth extracted. THE major, rocking Nelly on his knee for Aunt Mary's sake: "I suppose this is what you like?" Nelly—"Yes, it's very nice. But I

rode on a real donkey yesterday—I mean

one with four legs, you know.' In Tartary children are not allowed to swing on the front gates, but what is just as bad, they play on the steppes. In South America, it is said, they Pampa the little ones in the same way. It should be stopped.

In Siam they have a curious way of deciding law sults by putting both parties under water and awarding the victory to the one who stays the longer, entirely dispensing with lawyers. Hence the legal term, "Just as Siam, without one plea.

THERE are two periods in every man's life when he feels, deep down in his heart, that if the earth was to open and swallow him up, it would be a pleasure to him-one is when he steal's up-stairs with the old man's razor to take his-first shave: and the other is the first Sunday in a high hat.

A WELL-KNOWN citizen of one of the adjacent towns died recently. A few hours before his death he said to his wife: "I want you to get as fine a coffin as can be got, if it takes every cent. I have been knocked around all my life, and obliged to live in all ways, and or once, I swear, I should like to have something nice.'

"I THAY, Tham, why am your mouf like de Hudson ribber?" "G'way dar, niggah; don't Hudson ribber?" be askin' me such foolish queshtions." yer gub'm up, den?" "Yeth; dis niggah ain't got no head for c'und'ms dis ebenin', nohow. Well, 'kase it's always open fur schooners. (Yah, yah, yah.)

A PERSON who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger." "No," replied the witness, "I con-sidered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits.